The Sketch

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1677

The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1950

ARABELLA'S MOTHER

THE first child of Mrs. Randolph Churchill, wife of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill's only son, was christened Arabella at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, last month. Arabella is Mr. Winston Churchill's seventh grandchild.

Photographed by CECIL BEATON.

The Sketch
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No. 2746
Vol. CCXII.

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J. C. TREWIN
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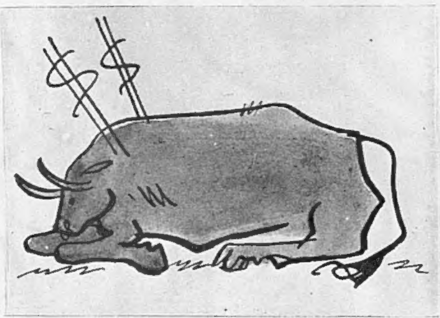
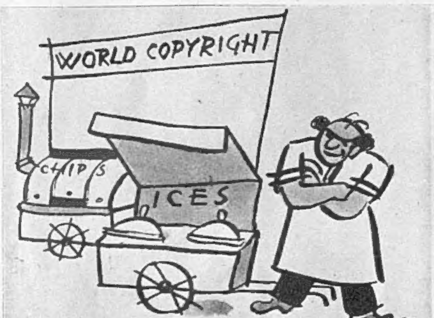
GERMANY


SPAIN



ITALY

ARGENTINA

International Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

" And ye, who have met with Adversity's blast,
And been bow'd to the earth by its fury ;
To whom the Twelve Months that have recently pass'd
Were as harsh as a prejudiced Jury—"

MANKIND is incurably optimistic. As the last stroke of midnight sounds on the last night of the last month we raise our glasses and our hearts and wish each other a happy New Year. There is no logic in it, for a year is not something that creates itself. Like a child, it is begotten by its predecessors, is therefore cursed or blessed by heredity, and becomes the battleground of its ancestors.

But optimism is a form of wisdom. Without it we would walk eternally in the shadows. What is more, the year 1950 is more than just another pup in the litter. It marks the end of a half-century. And what changes we have seen in fifty years! How brilliantly has science given us wings and harnessed the currents of the air to the spoken word! How cleverly has the inventive genius of man improved the means of slaughtering men!

Women found their freedom in the half-century which is ending, and like the slaves in the south they don't quite know what to do with it. As a further sign of progress you can dine in London, breakfast next morning in Montreal and have supper in San Francisco. Of course, you could have these same meals by staying at home, but that would be unadventurous.

In fifty years we have created many new masters. We are slaves of the telephone, slaves of radio and cinema, slaves of newspapers. We are planned, badgered, taxed and tamed by the political monster which we created with universal franchise.

Yet when we toast the muling and pewking 1950 in its cradle, we would not have it like its ancestor at the turn of the century. The year 1900 had many charms that are lost to-day, but we could not part easily now with our wings, nor the internal-combustion engine, nor the wireless, nor even the telephone.

So in a proper spirit of optimism and kindliness, what do you say to sending a half-dozen messages?

To Winston Churchill : " May 1950 prove another year of astounding youth for you."

To Marshal Tito : " For your sake and ours here's hoping that you will not have joined the angels by the end of 1950."

To the Sadler's Wells Ballet : " May the stars dance for you in the coming year."

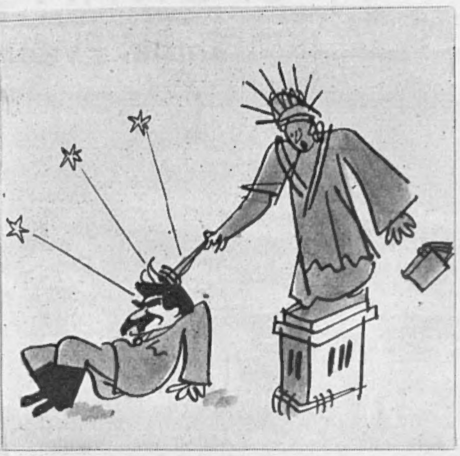
To the British Tax-payer : " 1950 can't be worse than 1949, so pack up your troubles."

To Aneurin Bevan : " Just a song at twilight in 1950."

WHAT can we wish for in the New Year? This is a strictly non-political column, but I would like to see a Tory victory at the polls and have a close-up view of the Liberals paying their lost deposits. I want to see a serious play about to-day written by a British dramatist. It is perhaps asking too much, but it would be a wonderful thing if all Europe would do away with its frontiers and let peoples speak with peoples. If tolerance could replace intolerance and humour soften the edge of cruelty ; if men would respect the body as the temple of the spirit, and Governments become the servants and not the masters of the people . . . what a year 1950 could be in the scroll of Time.

If the pound would stop bowing to the dollar and look it in the eye instead ; if modern novelists would give up using words that nasty little boys chalk up on lavatory walls ; if well-to-do women would stop complaining about hardships they do not endure ; if newspapers would give us some news of happiness as well as horrors ; if only I could learn to be up with my approaches . . . what a magic year 1950 would be.

If unity came again to these beloved islands and we faced the future like brothers as in 1940 ; if in his tasks each man felt a sense of dedication to the country ; if dignity replaced the brawling of the hustings, and the chisellers gave up chiselling . . . who would not be loathe to leave these shores?



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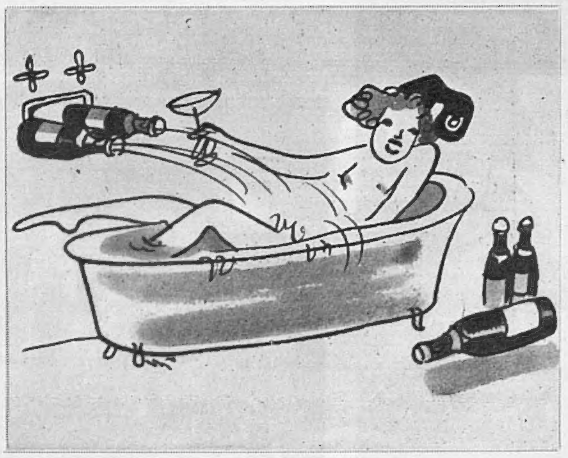
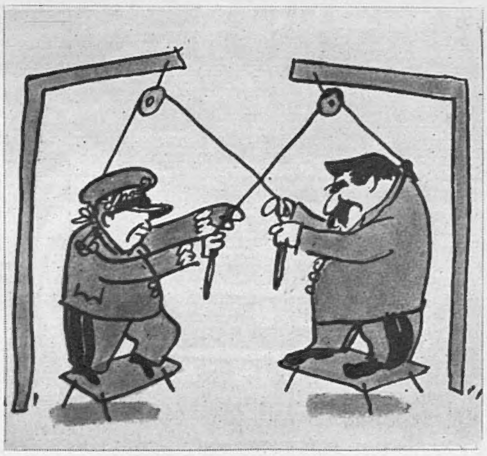


FRANCE



JUGOSLAVIA and RUSSIA

Resolution's by Tony

But New Year's Eve makes sentimentalists of us all. Ah, well; it is only one day out of 365, and if we cannot shed a bit of the dross once a year then we should sit down with the swine and grunt and guzzle with them.

IN the last edition of *Sketch-Book* I quoted some of J. B. Priestley's "Delights" and asked if any readers would send me theirs. The response was so generous that I can only take extracts from a very small proportion.

Mr. Thomas Marchatti, from "The Howroyde," near Halifax:

"Everything French, except the French; lights out, curtain up; the sun; arriving in Cape Town Harbour at night; arriving anywhere; Mozart; my own company; friendship; the eighteenth century; Alan Melville's wit; cold ham and saddle of lamb; Lotte Lehmann in *Rosenkavalier*; Olivier in anything; Christmas decorations; Yvonne Arnaud's chuckle; Sid Field's face; looking at new gramophone record lists; John Barbirolli; good claret; well-dressed women; anything the Sitwells write; my own house; being lazy with lots to do; the Mediterranean; day-dreaming; spaniels; trees and water; rich chocolates; my own job; Life."

Who will deny that Mr. Marchatti has an attractive catholicity of taste? He is obviously good company to himself and, therefore, to others. Now I must quote from a lady with the attractive name of Kit Ogram or Ograin (her signature is full of character), writing from 61, North-Bar-Within, Beverley, E. Yorks. It would seem that the people of Yorkshire are unusually full of delights.

"Children asleep; Josephine Baker; wet Harris Tweed and bonfires; beautiful hands; log fires; Georgian houses and silver; Chelsea; Alex Munthe's story of San Michele; April and September; starting *The Times* X-word with a nice sharp pencil; lilac; rain on lighted London streets; broken English; Kerry Blues; nylons; making new friends; the first two minutes of a cigarette; Europe; open cars; sailing; flowers, flowers, and more flowers; getting into clean sheets; duck-egg blue; good shoes; 'Eton Boating Song'; horses; coffee roasting; Shelley; distinguished luggage; Cole Porter; bacon and eggs; walking in the rain; over-sleeping."

Mr. G. H. Saxon Mills, of 233, High Holborn, finds his delights not with his eyes or ears, but with his nose. He describes himself as an always delighted sensualist:

"The smell of tarry coal-sacks; smell of villages; smell of wet window-sills; smell of a summer shower on a dusty road and the inside of furniture removal vans; smell of a huge wave breaking in sunshine; smell of the inside of sideboards in seaside 'apartments'; the sudden hot ozone effluence of a London Tube station; smell of mown grass and of Sunday morning in a London suburb and of fog coming up the Orwell; smell of flight-deck of a Constellation and of the middle pages of old books; and of incense in St. Peter's, and of privet hedges in Southport."

If the Editor will allow me, I shall continue with more extracts in the next issue. Nor shall I for the moment succumb to an alluring suggestion from a reader that we should enumerate our pet "Hates."

This is a New Year edition of *Sketch-Book*, and, therefore, we are full of goodwill to men and quite a lot of women. Later on in 1950, perhaps. . . .

A FEW days before he sailed for his winter home, Noel Coward came to my house for lunch. He was feeling rather wistful, for he arrived in this world in the last few days of the nineteenth century. Therefore he, too, embarks now upon the second fifty of his life.

He was safely on the sea when the formidable Hermiones hit town with their own peculiar version of his *Fallen Angels*. He had seen it on tour and expressed his horror, but no mere author could stop Mesdames Gingold and Baddeley once they are on the march.

If Coward had been present at the London opening I am certain he would have howled with laughter. He had written it for two young women, married for five years, who suddenly discover the magic of early romance at the expected arrival of their former mutual French lover.

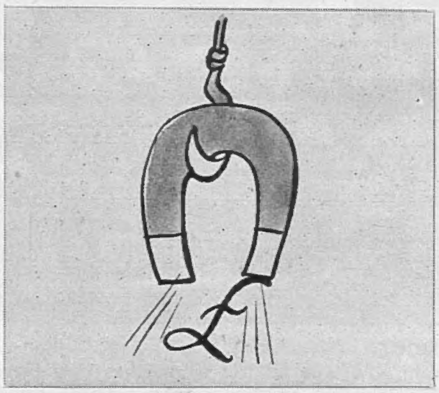
While waiting, the young wives are supposed to get daintily and amusingly tight. But the two Hermiones went at it as if this was a drunk to end all stage drunks. There is something absolutely heroic when Hermione Baddeley does a deliberate belch into the telephone and with exquisite refinement says: "Sorry I 've been troubled."

This is art that eclipses art. It is terrible, it is magnificent, it is inexcusable and it is wonderful. As for Hermione Gingold's perambulations minus a shoe—not even Hogarth could have created such superb grotesquerie.

They were very fallen angels, but it is a pity Noel wasn't there to call "Author!"—or perhaps just to call "Help!"

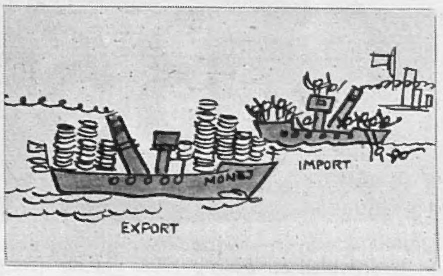
Beverley Baxter

RUSSIA



GREAT BRITAIN

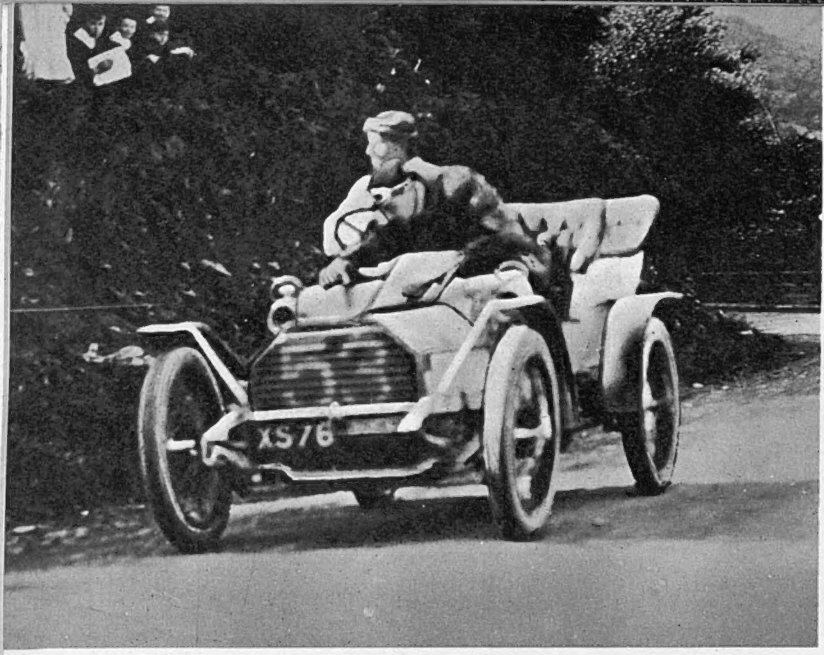
UNITED EUROPE



ISRAEL

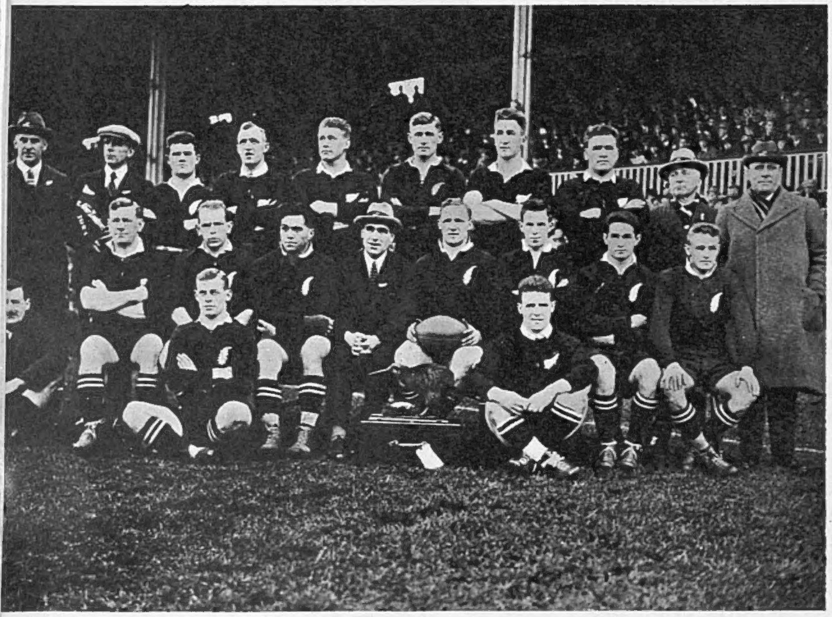
A SPORTING

Some Event

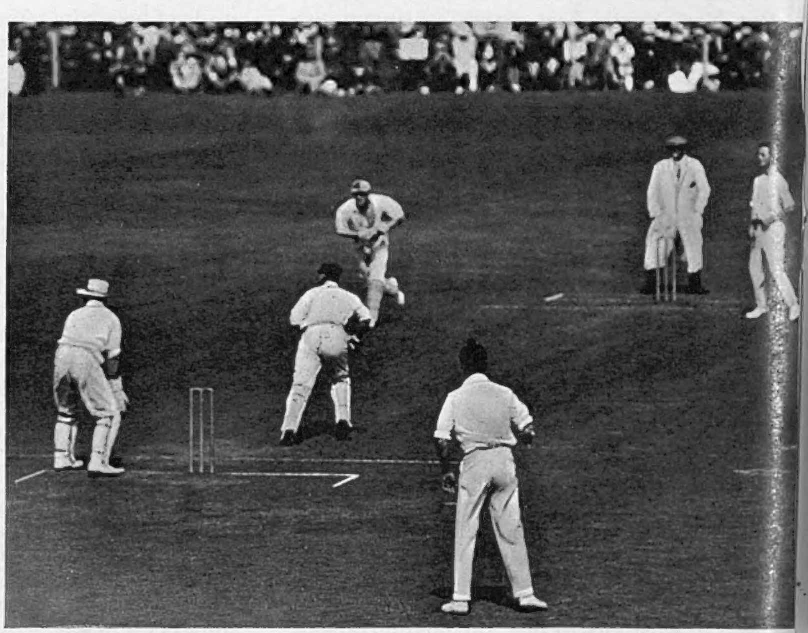


MOTORING.—In 1905, the first Tourist Trophy Car Race was held in the Isle of Man. Here is the winner, Napier, in an Arrol-Johnston car. His average speed was a really frightening one for those days—33·9 m.p.h. This was the dawn of the motoring era. (*By courtesy of "The Autocar."*)

FLYING.—In May 1910 L. Paulhan, of France, won a *Daily Mail* prize offered for a race between London and Manchester. This flight of 186 miles was no mean feat for those days, and our picture shows his aircraft at Lichfield *en route*. He covered the distance in 3 hrs. 56 mins., and won £10,000.



RUGGER.—The "All Blacks" of 1924—the famous New Zealand Touring Team who won all the 30 matches they played here, and are still the only unbeaten Dominion team. British Rugger benefited greatly from this stimulating experience.

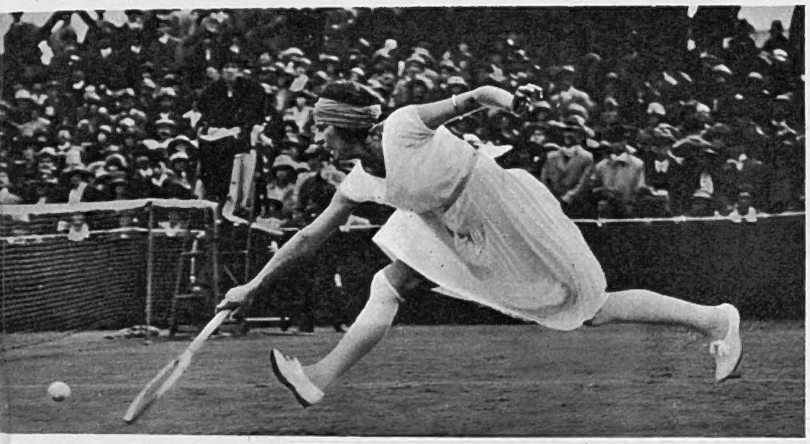


CRICKET.—The perfection of Jack Hobbs as a batsman will always be remembered by those who saw him play. In 1925 he scored sixteen centuries and reached his 126th century, of which he is seen scoring the hundredth run at Taunton. This record was beaten only by Denis Compton, as recently as 1947.

RUNNING.—Sydney Wooderson still holds the World Record for the half-mile, which he won in 1938, but he is better known for his running in the Mile, which he is seen winning at White City in 1935. By profession a solicitor's clerk, he was Public School Mile Champion in 1933.

HORSE-RACING.—Steve Donoghue winning the Queen Alexandra Stakes for the sixth consecutive time on *Brown Jack* in 1935. He also won the Derby six times, three of them consecutively, from 1921-1923. Though Gordon Richards is Champion Jockey, he has been unable to win the Derby once.

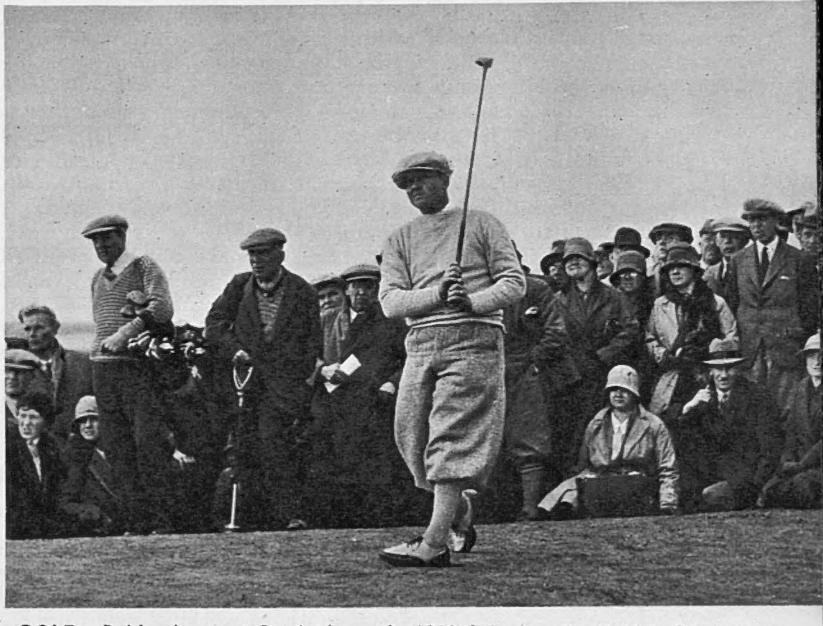
HALF-CENTURY
and Personalities



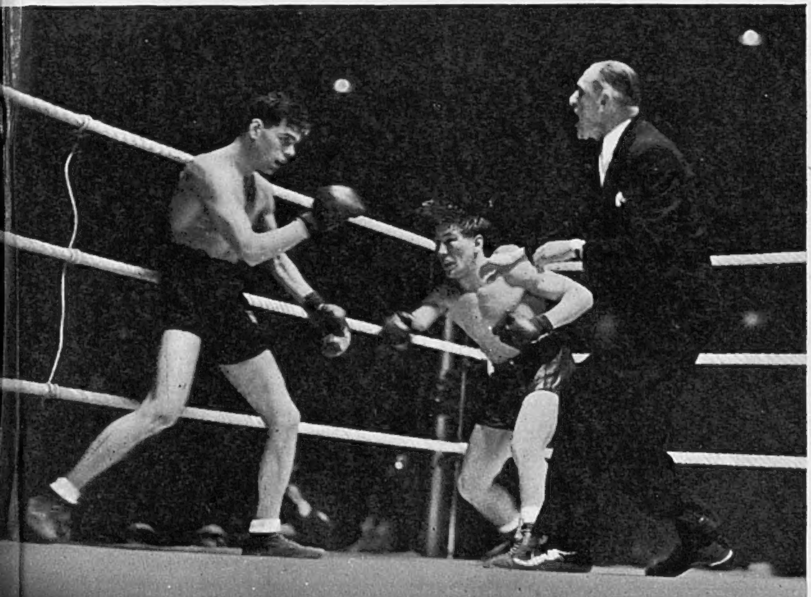
TENNIS.—Suzanne Lenglen was only twenty when she first played at Wimbledon in 1919 and astonished everyone by winning the Championship, which she retained for the next four years. Her unusual one-piece dress caused as much comment in her day as Miss "Gussie" Moran's lacy frills have done in ours.

SOCCER.—Wembley has been the venue of Cup Finals since 1923, when this picture was taken. The growing popularity of football was such that the gates of the ground collapsed, the crowd spilled on to the pitch, and play was held up. Bolton Wanderers beat West Ham United 2—0.

SWIMMING.—Georges Michel is still the holder of the record for swimming the Channel—11 hrs. 5 mins., in 1926. Since 1875, when the Channel was first swum by Captain Webb, an astonishing variety of countries have taken part. They include Egypt, Peru, the Argentine, America, Germany, and Sweden.



GOLF.—Bobby Jones at St. Andrews in 1930, winning the British Open for the third time. He is seen playing in his match against Cyril Tolley. He was in the front rank of the American onslaught on British golf titles, against which Henry Cotton was our main defence.



BOXING.—The fight for the Lightweight Championship in 1939, between Boon and Danahar, was one of the best of the half-century. On the right is Eric Boon, who retained his title. This match ranks with the heavy-weight fight in 1937 in which Tommy Farr came closest to defeating Joe Louis.

BOAT RACE.—The Boat Race still holds its popularity amongst people who have little contact with either University. In 1948 Cambridge celebrated the fiftieth race by setting up a record of 17 mins. 50 secs., trouncing Oxford by five lengths. Here they are at the finish

Candid Cameo

By Stephen Watts

PAUL MUNI

IT is usually foolish, even a little insulting, to seek to identify an actor with any of the characters he has played—but it is a temptation. With Paul Muni it is especially treacherous. The picture would be about as true to life as a photographic negative, with the blacks shown white, and the whites black.

Cast your mind back to one of his memorable parts. *Scarface*—which made him something he never aimed to be, a film star—was all brutal force, ruthless, unscrupulous ambition, cold-blooded, anti-social power-madness. Muni is gentle, warm, considerate, and the least of the forces which have propelled him through life has been ambition. Jump seventeen years to *Death of a Salesman*, his current London stage vehicle. Willie Loman, the pathetic-tragic salesman, is the all-American extrovert, the eager disciple of the religion whose creed is How to Win Friends and Influence People, for commercial ends. Muni is an introvert, friendly but non-gregarious, and if he has ever tried to influence anybody or to turn a trick to his own account, I should be greatly surprised.

A list of the modest statements he will make about himself (if he is forced to make Muni the subject of the conversation) would sound like the inverted conceit of a man putting on an act. "Perhaps I wasn't cut out to be an actor." "I 'd always rather be in the audience than on the stage." "Work comes very hard to me." "The first time I saw myself on the screen I just shrivelled up, I was so god-awful." Yet when you hear him say such things in their context, hear the words come out slowly, thoughtfully, you know they are honest. He will tell you how he turned down a part or was stubborn about what he wanted to do, and he will add, "I know what it was, I suppose—ego." He has his professional pride, but he has a basic humility.

The road that leads from a small, impecunious Yiddish touring company in Middle Europe to eminence in Hollywood, New York and London must have its dramatic turning-points, but Muni will deny their drama. He can make a hard-working, rags-to-riches success story sound like a series of curious, unco-ordinated chances which just happened to add up the way they did.

Certainly he drifted into acting. When this century began he was trailing through the Continent with his parents. His father was determined that his son should be a violinist, and young Muni (his surname then was Weisenfreund) started to play at the age of four. Is the successful actor a frustrated violinist? Not a bit; he hated the violin. By the time the family was in America, after two years in London, Muni was seven. Mother and father on the stage, two brothers in the orchestra pit, and Muni learning his lessons—so they travelled from one small town to another, playing two- and three-night stands to audiences that paid 15 cents admission. There was no money to spare for large salaries. The boy was turned to playing incidental character parts by the time he was twelve. With make-up and wigs—"I was never a child actor; I wasn't cute enough," he says—he impersonated old men and old women; the violin was forgotten, and he was an actor.

Soon the drift to success began. He became known among the Yiddish theatre companies. There were barren patches, of course. Once, in his teens, he did a solo act in burlesque—comedy, juggling and eccentric dancing—to stop up an economic gap. But, in the main, life was a steady round of Yiddish repertory on tour. He married, twenty-nine years ago this year, an actress in the company, Bella Finkel. They were making 20 to 25 dollars a week, and they were happy. There was no excitement in the Muni menage when Maurice Schwartz offered him 35 dollars a week to come to New York and join his, the most famous, Yiddish theatre. Muni says he was frightened. But he took the chance at last, with every misgiving.

It was the late William Fox who put him into films. Muni had the not uncommon experience of being flown urgently to Hollywood and then doing nothing but collect his cheque each week for six months. He complained about this. "Oh," said the studio, "that 's easily solved. Go away—go to Honolulu or somewhere. We 'll *send* the cheque."

Half-way through his first film, *The Valiant*, one of the earliest talkies, Fox stopped production. It had to be pointed out to him that the actor he now so strongly disapproved of was the same man he had "discovered" and rushed out to Hollywood. As a compromise, the film was allowed to finish at reduced length, was a success with the critics, but made no money. Now Fox saw in Muni not merely a protean character actor, but a "new Lon Chaney"—the man with a thousand faces. So, as a modest arithmetical start, he was put into a film called *Seven Faces*. It was a complete flop. But it gave Muni his first experience of fan mail. People wrote congratulating him on the variety of characters he played; many praised him especially for a part played by another actor! As a film star, Muni made enough money to invest in time to go broke in the great Wall Street crash. Reluctantly he accepted *Scarface* because he needed the money. It was held up by censorship trouble for ten months, and Muni, quietly back on the New York stage, first learned it was a success when he began to receive offers from other studios.

Then came his succession of hits—*I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Good Earth, The Life of Emile Zola*. His favourite is *Zola*, not because he thinks he gave a great performance, but because he was happy while making the picture. He established his home in California, a house and a walnut grove and a few acres at Encino, and that is still his home, although he has hardly been there in the last two years.

Now what? He doesn't know. He lives quietly and has no need to work for money. He has not "quit films" as an American paper recently reported. But he is "not eager" unless the film seems to have some substance and to be "in my *genre*." He would like to make a film about Nobel, and has been in Stockholm talking it over with the family. He would like to "take a Sabbatical—go into the woods for a while." He likes driving his car aimlessly and far. He has more friends outside the theatre than in; he dislikes talking shop and belongs to no organisation or club, except the required trade unions. He doesn't smoke because his throat is unreliable—it let him down on the first night of *Death of a Salesman*, and he was convinced he was inaudible. In fact, all that happened was that the deep resonance which is the great charm of his voice was missing.

Not long ago I was sitting with him in the quiet drawing-room of a house he had rented, as a London retreat. To illustrate something he was saying he dug out a twenty-year-old photograph. Other photographs from the same envelope were left lying on a sofa. On top was a portrait of himself. After a moment, apparently without thinking, he got up, crossed the room and turned them face down. Unlike many stars (a word he hates, by the way), Paul Muni is not in love with himself.

★

Who . . . Me?

YOU leave me in something of a dilemma, since there is so much to say concerning your Candid Cameo appraisal of my personality, ego, versatility and *humility*. I could not, in the space allotted, adequately express myself on so important a subject. (Humility, eh ?)

I find it a reckless practice to agree with a critic or interviewer, even though, after a bit of soul-searching, he begins to add up to something like truth and common sense to me.

Which one of us can really know himself ? How do I know what motivates my words, my behaviour, inhibitions and what-not ? Perhaps I am an introverted extrovert or an extroverted introvert. Which reminds me, I've got to read up on Freud and Jung. And further reminds me that my allotment of space is about filled, and I must leave room for a solid "Thank you" for a kindness in introducing me so sympathetically to your readers.

Paul Muni

MUNI: A MAN OF MANY PARTS

Photocollage by ANGUS McBEAN

SKETCH DATE-BOOK

(Being Our Social Diary.)

DEC. 1.—*At long last* Philadelphia Story *reaches London, at the Duchess Theatre; gives Margaret Leighton her first top-starring part. A decorative audience greeted the début. Left to right: Lady Tarbat, Miss Sonya Laurence, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Sir Anthony Weldon.*

DEC. 2.—*At Field House, Grimsby, the Brocklesby Hunt Ball. From top left: Mr. E. Cuthbert-Scawby, Miss P. Farrow, Mr. and Mrs. G. Harbord, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dale, Mr. and Mrs. W. Root, Mrs. A. Lingard.*

DEC. 2 and 3.—*Two winners a day for Lord Mildmay at Kempton Park two-days 'chasing. First day (look left; he 's right) on Con's Cottage, leading Mr. Molony on Clongiffin, whom he beat, and later, on M. & B., getting the better of Lord Abergavenny's Consort. Second day, riding respectively on Tricot II. and Statecraft, he got his second double event.*

DEC. 2.—*At Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street, Mr. C. Filmer-Sankey, son of Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey, of Loch Assynt Lodge, Sutherland, and of Lady Ursula Vernon, Bruree, Co. Limerick, married Miss Claire Seely, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Seely, of Oxton, Notts.*

DEC. 2.—*L. to r.: Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, his wife Lady Seafield, and Colonel S. Hoop, at the Heythrop Hunt Ball, held in the R.A.F. Officers' Mess, Little Rissington Aerodrome, Oxon. Besides members of the Hunt there were plenty of R.A.F. and W.R.A.F. officers dancing.*

DEC. 3.—*Married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, Lt. F. H. Lowry-Corry, R.N., son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. Lowry-Corry, Edwardstone Hall, Boxford, and the Hon. Rosemary Plumer, daughter of the late Lord Plumer, and of Lady Plumer, of 54, Brompton Square.*

DEC. 5.—*British bloodstock's still best. The proof: Newmarket's December sales, most important of the year, in the Park Paddocks. Here jostle breeders, owners, trainers, from every country in the world where thoroughbreds are raced—from the States to Brazil; Italy to India. Picture on left shows a breeder, Mrs. Adrian Henderson, of Leamington Manor, Moreton-in-Marsh; an owner, Mr. Jack Smith; and Mrs. John Bastard. On right: Miss Catherine de Trafford, youngest daughter of Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford, with Mr. Joseph Tree.*

DEC. 5.—*Over to New York's Waldorf-Astoria for fashionable, diplomatic Bal Masqué in aid of the Philharmonic Symphony Society's Pension Fund. Dresses and masks very handsome; at midnight prizes were given for the most exclusive and for the most original masks. Fashion extravaganza was followed by a salute to the Philharmonic by stars of the entertainment world. On left is Lord Milford Haven with fiancée Mrs. Romaine Simpson, whose mask bore a glamorous boss of flowers. On right: Gene Tierney rubbing noses with clown-masked Oleg Cassini.*

DEC. 5.—*A pleasant leavening of hunting pink made Ciro's blossom like a rose for the Woodland Hunt Ball. There were hunting airs, too, between fox-trots and sambas. Mr. S. Rubin was host to 150 members of the Hunt, of which he is joint Master, and many of whose members are members of Ciro's. At supper (above, l. to r.): Miss E. Barker, joint Master of the Garth, Mr. Wynmalen, joint Master of the Woodland, Captain R. C. Gibbs, Lady Hermione Stuart. Picture below: Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rubin, Lord Tarbat, Mrs. S. Rubin.*

DEC. 5.—*Mass of young Conservatives danced at Primrose League Ball, Grosvenor House. Most charming dress of the evening was in white lace with one over-the-shoulder sleeve, worn by Miss Jane Hughes, with twisted pearl ornament and pearl necklace.*

(Continued overleaf.

DEC. 7.—*Dinner and dance of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution at the Savoy. Festive atmosphere; decorated, illuminated Christmas trees; red candles on tables. L. to r.: H.E. Mme. Bianchi, Sir Godfrey Baring, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, H.E. the Chilean Ambassador.*

DEC. 7-8.—*Lady Cunliffe-Owen and Miss Virginia Field ran the flower stand during a two-day Exhibition and Fair held at St. James's Palace in aid of the British Limbless Ex-Servicemen's Association. The Duchess of Gloucester was received by Lucy Lady Waddilove and Lord Willoughby de Eresby.*

DEC. 9.—*The Cotswold Hunt Ball was held at the Plough Hotel, Cheltenham, and a good time was had by all. On left: General and Mrs. Coxwell-Rogers, Mrs. J. L. Connolly, Captain C. Coxwell-Rogers, Mrs. G. Pease and Major G. Pease, R.M. On right, sitting-out party: the Hon. Fitzroy Somerset, Lord Raglan's son and heir, Miss Ann Dibble, Miss Jane Masters, Mr. Patrick Thomas.*

DEC. 10.—*At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Captain Robert Evans, The Welsh Guards, son of Brigadier and Mrs. J. M. J. Evans, of Wishanger, Churt, married the Hon. Cicili Carol Paget, daughter of the late Lord and Lady Queenborough. Lord Anglesey gave away the bride. The honeymoon is being spent in Nassau.*

DEC. 10.—*At St. Mark's, North Audley Street, Major David Laurie, the 9th Lancers, son of Brigadier Sir Percy and Lady Laurie, of Pavenham, Bedfordshire, married Miss Tessa Gilroy, daughter of Major and Mrs. J. D. Gilroy, of West Lodge, Horsham, Sussex. Bride's gown, oyster satin patterned with gold fleur-de-lis. Reception at Londonderry House.*

SKETCH

DEC. 14.—*At the Palace of Valletta, Malta, Princess Elizabeth with Prince Philip attended a State Ball given in their honour by the Governor, Sir Gerald Creasy (right) and Lady Creasy. H.R.H. was presented with a bouquet by a Maltija dancer.*

DEC. 15.—*At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Mr. J. H. Sumner, son of the late Mr. Thomas H. Sumner, and of Mrs. Addison, of Rivington, Rottingdean, married the Hon. Karis Mond, daughter of the late Lord Melchett and of Gwen Lady Melchett. Her brother, the present Lord Melchett, gave her away. Reception at 50, Grosvenor Square.*

DEC. 15.—*300 delighted people danced at the Cresta Ball at Claridge's—the first since 1938. They were members of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club, celebrating the building of the Cresta Run—splendid gesture on part of the Swiss, who bear the cost, and inspired by the Club's chairman, Lord Brabazon, veteran Cresta rider, who was present, with Lady Brabazon. Picture left shows: Mrs. Francis Curzon, Lord Scarsdale, Mr. Francis Curzon, Lady Scarsdale. On right: the Princess Royal's younger son, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, and Mrs. Godfrey Davis.*

DEC. 26.—*Lord Balniel, Cambridge undergraduate son of the Earl and Countess of Crawford and Balcarres, and Miss Ruth Meyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Bechtler-Meyer, of Zurich, were married in the English church of St. Andrew's, Zurich, Switzerland.*

DEC. 26.—*Over to La Scala opera house, Milan, for the opening of the opera season, with Puccini's La Bohème. The opening of Rome's Holy Year robbed the house of many notable habitués, but those present were beautifully dressed, and here, sitting in a box, is Valentina Cortese, well known to both British and American film-fans.*

DATE-BOOK

STAGE.—Peggy Ashcroft: For her intensely moving performance of Catherine Sloper in *The Heiress*, at the Haymarket. She is a gauche, timid girl (in the New York of a century ago), scorned by her widowed father and jilted by a glib wastrel. This year there has been no more touching scene on the London stage than that in which Catherine, in all the flowering of first love, waits on a windy April night in Washington Square for the carriage that never comes.

J. C. Trewin

TELEVISION.—Annette Mills: For firmly establishing, through her own charm, talent and personality, TV's one and only star, Muffin the Mule. For bringing great good humour, any number of catchy little tunes, and a vast amount of fun to TV's programmes for the children—and for making these programmes equally adored by six-year-olds and septuagenarians. And a share of the credit, please, for Ann Hogarth, who pulls the strings in the Muffin programmes.

Alan Melville

RADIO.—Carleton Hobbs: For being the Admirable Crichton of Radio. In small or great parts, in plays, in features, the schools programmes, the Children's Hour, the Woman's Hour, and even in Itma he has long given consistently excellent performances. Radio producers have stopped being astonished by the versatility of "Hobbo." They take it for granted that he can handle almost any script well.

Frederick Laws

LITERATURE.—Oliver Onions, whose novel *Arras of Youth* is in the royal lineage of English fiction. It is a story of youth in a mediæval forest—a love-story, in fact—and has the supreme merit of giving greater stature to humanity; of rekindling the reader's faith in his own species.

SCREEN.—Carol Reed, our Number One British Director, who has made the most brilliant film of the year for the second year in succession. Congratulations on the subtlety, the excitement and the tensely sustained atmosphere of *The Third Man*, a Black Market story of post-war Vienna; and in particular on the flash of genius that made him choose that haunting zither accompaniment to his film.

C. A. Lejeune

CHOICE OF THE YEAR

At a luncheon at the Savoy Hotel on December 28, "Sketch" trophies were presented to these outstanding personalities in the arts. Further details will be given in our next issue.

BON VOYAGE—
and BIEN VENUE

PRINCESS ELIZABETH is waving farewell to Prince Philip from Tigné Point, Malta, a spot on or around which many hundreds of wives of naval officers have so often congregated to wave good-bye or welcome to their husbands as they leave and return to our Mediterranean naval base. Prince Philip, in H.M.S. *Chequers*, was leaving the harbour on December 27 bound for the Red Sea. Her Royal Highness had spent the happiest possible Christmas with her husband, and during her visit to Malta had had much hospitality, and had made many formal engagements. She flew home in a Viking of the King's Flight the next day—a salute of 21 guns marking the take-off from Valletta air-field—and in the lower picture is being greeted at London Airport by the Commandant, Air Marshal Sir John d'Albiac.

(Mander and Mitchenson.)
The Beggar's Opera—comic opera by John Gay which was so successful through the eighteenth century—was revived in the nineteenth at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, on June 5, 1920.

(Mirropic.)
The spectacular *Chu Chin Chow*, Oscar Asche's musical founded on *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, opened at His Majesty's on August 31, 1916. Aileen d'Orme tunefully informs Courtice Pounds that "Any Time 's Kissing Time."

(Mander and Mitchenson.)
The Merry Widow was first produced at Daly's on June 8, 1907. It was a light-hearted comment on Edwardian Society, and gave us Lily Elsie and George Graves (kneeling), with memorable music by Franz Lehar.

(From the Mander and Mitchenson Theatre Collection.)
The famous Lyceum actor-manager, Sir Henry Irving, playing the title-rôle in *Coriolanus* opposite Ellen Terry's Volumnia. Shakespeare's Roman tragedy was notably revived on April 15, 1901.

(Mander and Mitchenson.)
The Farmer's Wife, Eden Phillpotts' famous comedy, was first produced in London at the Court Theatre on March 11, 1924. The Dartmoor folk gather round the kitchen table at Applegarth Farm, to find widower Sam Sweetland (Melville Cooper) a wife.

HALF A CENTURY

By J. C.

FIFTY years ago, Irving—though the light had begun to fail—was still at the Lyceum, known to-day as that dance-hall with the pillared portico at the foot of Wellington Street. Alexander reigned at the St. James's. Wyndham's Theatre had only just been built. To the eye of 1950 the West End theatre list of 1900 has unfamiliar names and many strange gaps. Bernard Shaw had not long ceased to be a drama critic—his last *Saturday Review* notice appeared on May 21, 1898—and he had written only ten of his plays. Pinero and Jones were still master-craftsmen of the stage, experts in dramatic carpentry. People spoke of a young poet called Stephen Phillips in the same breath with Dante and Milton; he died fifteen years later, leaving an estate of £5. Playgoers were fresh from first nights—for example, *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1895)—that in 1950 are famous. *Charley's Aunt* (1892) was a thriving child. *Peter Pan* was unborn.

Half a century must be fitted into a thousand words. The main difference between the theatre of Then and Now is that 1900 was unashamedly, straightforwardly theatrical. Managers shied at experiment. Classical acting was full-blooded, sets were realistic. In modern plays the acting was fuller, more rounded, than we expect to see to-day. It was, and happily, a histrionic theatre, with much extremely fine work in its chosen mood.

Since then the world has changed fantastically. There has been a social and economic revolution. The modern theatre considers themes once uncontemplated, and treats them in a manner that itself would have been impossible in 1900. We are in an age of experiment. The theatre, with so many of the old barriers down, is a freer place, though it is an untidier one. Some dramatists regard their task as a form of ribbon-building. And although we are back once more in a period of major performances, we have not tossed off altogether the effects of the reaction during the 'twenties and 'thirties, when players were guilty of the sins of under-emphasis and "throw-away" gabbling. Film acting, with its specialised technique, has had by no means a healthy effect on some of our younger hopes. Still, while it has such figures on its list as Olivier (whose name can be spoken with Irving's), Gielgud and Richardson, with such actresses as Edith Evans, Sybil Thorndike, Flora Robson, Fay Compton and Peggy Ashcroft, 1950 has no cause for worry.

Production is increasingly sensitive and exciting, in spite of certain experiments that are altogether too rash, and would have whitened the hair of theatre-men in 1900. What we need now are more major dramatists. Shaw is an Old Master, Maugham no longer writes for the stage. Too much rests on Priestley, Bridie, O'Casey, Coward, Rattigan, Williams, Ustinov, and a few others. Critics snatch hopefully at any new play: it may be that, as in 1900, a fruitful period lies just ahead. Then the bulk of Shaw was to come; Barrie was still a minor dramatist; Galsworthy, Granville-Barker, Maugham, Synge, had not begun to work. Possibly their counterparts are immediately before us in the mists of the future. We lack most badly a poetic drama without metaphysical fumblings; Christopher Fry may be the man to rescue us. There has been little of the Elizabethan relish for words, of the heightened speech that can be so exciting in a theatre.

(Bertram Park.)

G. B. Shaw's chronicle play, *Saint Joan*, had its première at the New Theatre on March 26, 1924. This scene, in the bedroom of Charles VII.'s chateau, shows Sybil Thorndike as Joan and Ernest Thesiger as Charles.

(Mander and Mitchenson.)

Musical romance of the Canadian Rockies, *Rose Marie*, came hot from America to Drury Lane on March 20, 1925. Rose Marie (Edith Day), belle of Saskatchewan, is madly in love with dashing adventurer Jim Kenyon (Derek Oldham).

IN THE THEATRE

TREWIN

Sean O'Casey has done nobly, with too little reward; the West End has allowed his latest play to be produced by amateurs at Newcastle.

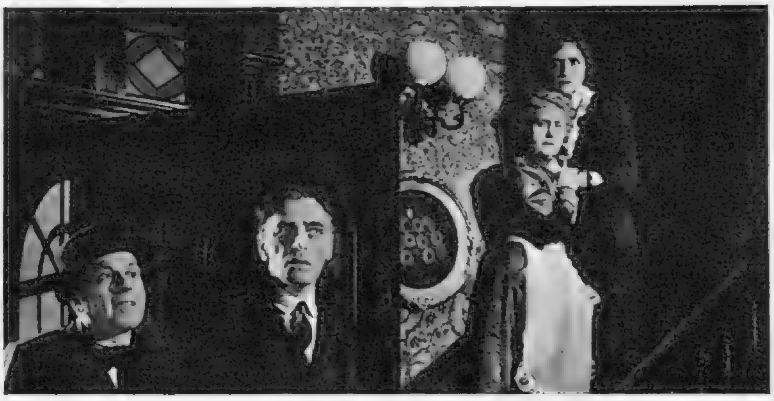
Historians of the half-century will have much to deal with: the Vedrenne-Barker season at the Court; the growth of repertory in Edwardian and early-Georgian years; the Shavian cascade; the Theatre of Ideas; so forward, through the rise of Miss Baylis's Old Vic—destined to be the base of the National Theatre—to the various excitements of to-day. Not all of the best plays have had long runs; but a look at the long-run list does recall a few names that helped to cheer the spirit and to make theatrical table-talk. Listen to some of them: *Chu-Chin-Chow* (2238 performances), Oscar Asche's Arabian Nights exuberance which had to be revived during the late war (no war could be complete without it); *Blithe Spirit* (1997), with the gayest ghost in fiction, one of the later works of Noel Coward, whose dialogue, in its clipped Morse, set a fashion from the middle 'twenties onward; *Me and My Girl* (1646), a go-as-you-please Cockney "musical" (now revived) that started the Lambeth Walk; *The Beggar's Opera* (1463), in which Nigel Playfair, just after the First World War, restored Mr. Gay and brought fashionable London to a "dust-hole" at Hammersmith; *The Maid of the Mountains* (1352), with the generous personality of José Collins, at a lost Daly's; *Arsenic and Old Lace* (1337), American and farcical-sinister; *The Farmer's Wife* (1329), down in Devon with Eden Phillpotts. A full catalogue would take pages. Let me recall to you, at a venture, *Ten Minute Alibi*, longest runner among the spot-the-villain plays that were so popular for a while; the bite of the Ambassadors revues during the late war; *Rose Marie*, first of the elaborate operettas that chartered the great stage of Drury Lane. . . .

Here, as one flicks down the list, are the many types of play that have had West End fame: thick-ear melodrama, sentimental romance, domestic teacup-and-Tempest comedy, Aldwych farce (with the unexampled team of Travers, Lynn, and Walls, Hare intervening), Gaiety musical comedy, Galsworthian polemical plays, high comedy; the list streams on. It is hard to say what a collector of first nights down the century would most prize. He might boast of, say, Pinero's *His House In Order*, Galsworthy's *Justice*, Shaw's *Saint Joan*, Sherriff's *Journey's End*, Edith Evans's Millamant in *The Way of the World*, Gielgud's Hamlet, Olivier's Richard the Third and Œdipus, the shouting première of *Oklahoma!*: all productions and performances representative of their time.

There is so much to remember: the nobility of Forbes-Robertson; the influence of Tree; the deftness of Hawtrey and du Maurier; the Shavian testament of faith in *Back to Methuselah*, parable of Creative Evolution; the stripped prose of Maugham; the basilisk eye of George Robey; the first act of *Outward Bound*; Lewis Waller, Marie Lloyd, *The Merry Widow*, *The Playboy of the Western World*, the voice of Ainley, the touch of Cochran . . . a medley of fifty years of the British theatre across its range from *Hamlet* to the music-hall. It has been a fine beginning to the century's pageant. Gladly now we prepare to accept the Other Half.

(Mander and Mitchenson.)

Journey's End, R. C. Sherriff's drama of the Great War, was first produced by the Incorporated Stage Society at the Apollo Theatre on December 9, 1928. Above: Melville Cooper, Colin Clive and Robert Speaight.



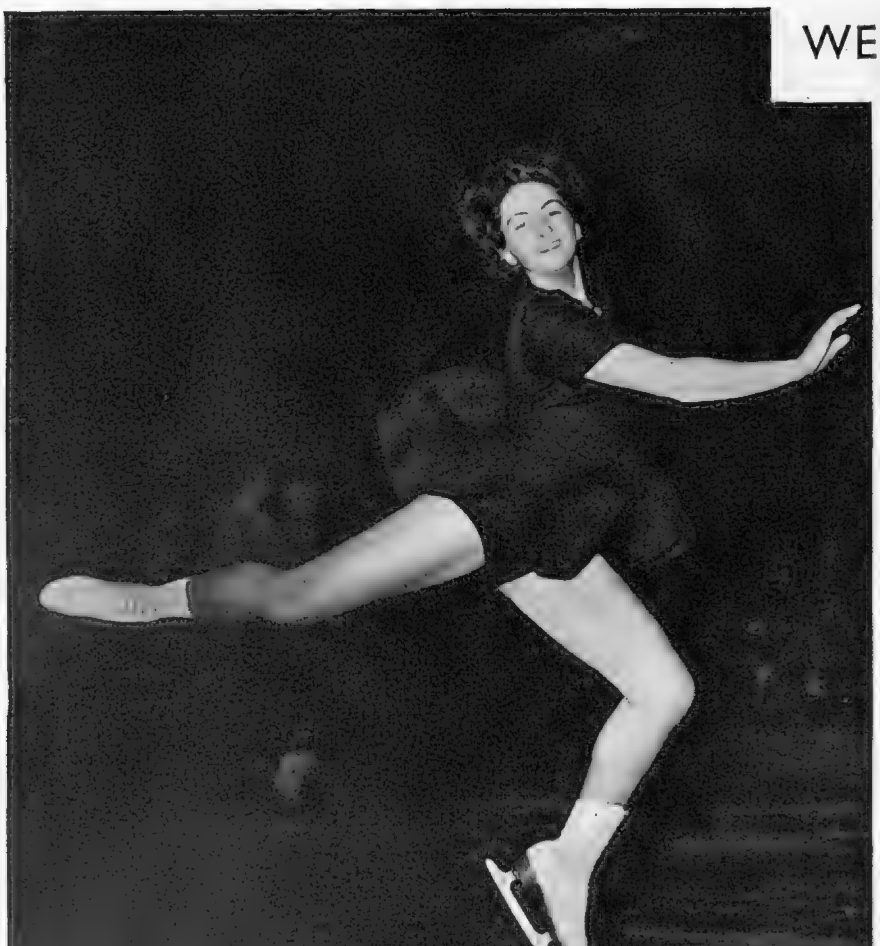
(John Vickers.)

Arsenic and Old Lace, Joseph Kesselring's comedy, came *via* New York to the Strand Theatre, December 23, 1942. Two old ladies calmly commit murder with benevolent intent: Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold.

(Angus McBean.)

Oklahoma! came after four years in New York to Drury Lane on April 30, 1947—and is still running. It gave us a dozen memorable numbers by Rogers and Hammerstein, 2nd, sung with gusto by a young and vital cast.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .



NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD JEANETTE, for doing a championship hat-trick on ice.

PLOUGHMAN CUTTS, for cutting a straight and narrow furrow.

MISS Jeanette Altwegg, of Liverpool, retained her title when she won the British Women's Skating Championship for the third year in succession, with a scintillating exhibition of free skating at the Empress Hall, Earls Court, on December 9.

THE inhabitants of Cole Green may well be proud of Ploughman W. Cutts, winner of the Hertfordshire County Horse Ploughing Championship for the second time in succession. He already has two local ploughing trophies to his credit, and with the aid of Beauty and Prince, his ploughing team, looks confidently towards next year's contests.

JUDGED the smartest student in the Army School of Education, Sgt. Cleaver passed out top of the school, winning the regimental cane ahead of 150 men. She is the first woman instructor on the school's teaching staff. The problem: the W.R.A.C. are not allowed to carry canes.

FOUR young ex-Service officers in search of adventure are making a jeep trip from London to South Australia. Their luggage—petrol, rope, food, and an axe. Their route—via France, Spain, Africa, India, Malaya and Singapore. They plan a return journey over America, and then to "settle down." A good-bye kiss goes to Miss Joan Walker from her fiancé, Captain Peter Blake. Appreciating it are banjo-playing Captain John Davey, of Bristol, in a tartan shirt, Major Dennis Wright, of Taunton, with flowers for the trip, and Captain John Cocks, of London.

SGT. JOYCE CLEAVER, for showing the men how, and setting the military authorities a pretty problem.

FOUR "OVERLANDERS" who hope to jeep to the Antipodes and back, before shouldering the burdens of "settled men."

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

THE MILLS BROTHERS

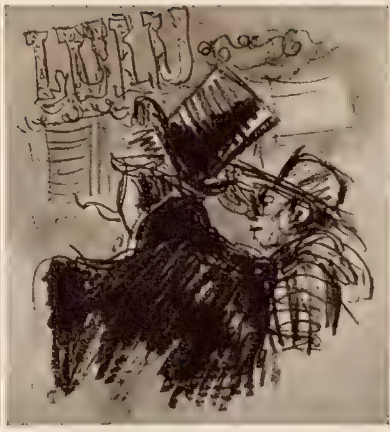
(Cyril and Bernard),

for the excellence of their circus, maintained in the highest tradition of the sawdust ring.

ONCE more Mills' Circus thrills the youngsters at Olympia with clowns, acrobats, horses, sealions and the rest of the brilliant equipment. It was started in 1920—the result of a bet between the late Mr. Bertram Mills and a peer as they watched another circus. "If I couldn't put on a better circus than that, I'd eat my hat!" said Mills. The peer took the challenge, with a wager of £100 and a hat into the bargain. Having booked Olympia, Mills contracted with America's Barnum and Bailey to supply a show. A month before the opening date, however, they cabled that they could not fulfil the contract. Mills rushed to the Continent, rounding up talent. With the help of his sons he got his troupe over, in time for the opening performance, and ever since then—except during the war—Mills' Circus has come to Olympia, ever bettering its own tradition.

Mexican girl : Vivian Hislop.

Egyptian princess : Mrs. G. S. Reid.



E. Shilsky, head, School of Sculpture.

Spanish lady : Mrs. Kochon.

Picture in a frame.

Nearly 1000 Scots in fancy dress.

Robert Lyon, Principal, Edinburgh College of Art.

Moorish slave-trader : J. Wallace.

Sir Andrew Murray, the Lord Provost.

EDINBURGH WENT GAY AT THE ART COLLEGE REVELS

"NEW ORLEANS" was the theme at the annual Art Revels held at Edinburgh's College of Art. From the simplest of materials the students won rich and brilliant effects: a riverboat ; a street scene ; a quayside on the Mississippi were some results achieved, besides variations on the central theme. In addition, vivid flights of fancy resulted in ingenious costumes, some of which are sketched here by our special artist in Edinburgh.

Top-heavy shako.

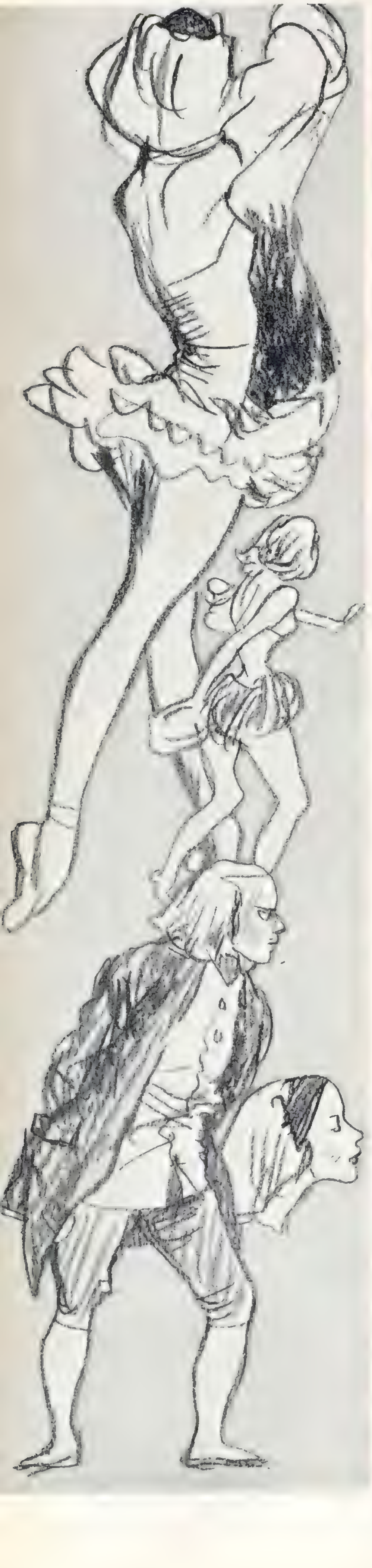
Motif with variations.

G. S. Reid in a shako.

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Tony Wasilewski.

THURBER & Co. (JAMES THURBER)

SUMMARILY DEALT WITH BY SHERRIFFS

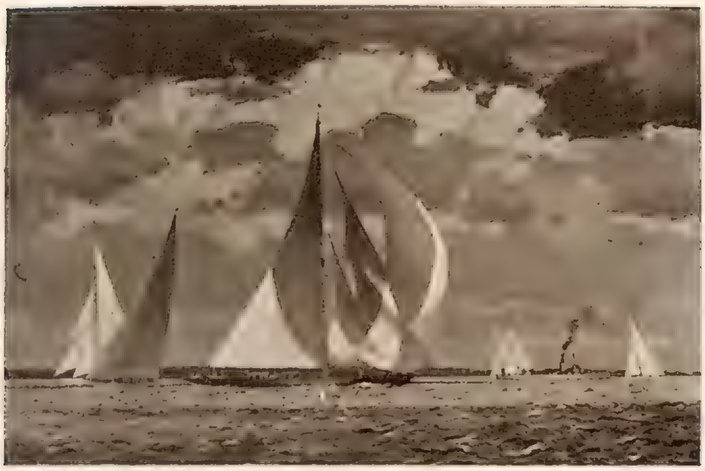


COVENT GARD

DEN BALLET

Drawn by FRANCIS MARSH

CYNARA



BRITANNIA, by Norman Wilkinson, C.B.E., P.R.I., S.M.A. The greatest yacht of her time. Built in 1893 for Edward VII. when Prince of Wales, she had a wonderful record. She was also raced by King George V., who to encourage the revival of yachting, after the First World War, had the old ship renovated and manned.

THE TEST MATCH AT LORD'S AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, by G. H. Barrable and R. P. Staples. A print recently bought from the Soames Collection by the National Gallery of British Art. Standing on the right are the Prince and Princess of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra.

SPORT IN ART THROUGH THE HALF-CENTURY

WE have chosen these few pictures, representing notable features in sport during the half-century, from the National Gallery of British Sports and Pastimes, Hutchinson House, Stratford Place. England is the natural home of sport in art as of sport itself, and for at least 300 years English painters have made this fascinating topic their theme, excelling in its vivid pictorial description. To Mr. Walter Hutchinson we owe this splendidly housed National Gallery of Sport, for which over many years he has collected paintings, prints, drawings and books, from the sale-room, the country house and other sources. It was opened in February 1949.

CENTRE COURT, WIMBLEDON, by Marjory V. Watherston (Mrs. Geare), shows Suzanne Lenglen and Kitty McKane, playing in the finals of the Lawn Tennis Championship, July 1925. In the Royal Box are Their Majesties King George V. and Queen Mary, ex-King Manoel, Queen Victoria of Portugal ; Lord Lonsdale.

STYMIED, by W. Dendy Sadler (1854-1923). This familiar predicament on the golf course is known to most players. Recently there has been some suggestion that it should be evaded.

DERBY DAY, EPSOM, 1933, by A. Egerton Cooper, R.B.A. That year Lord Derby's famous *Hyperion*, by *Gainsborough—Selene*, won the Derby in the record time of 2 min. 34 sec., with T. Weston up ; trained by G. Lambton.

1910. PORTRAIT OF MADAME GAUTREAU ; by J. S. Sargent, R.A. (1856-1925). (Tate Gallery.)

1920. MISS MIGNETTI ; by Philip de Laszlo (Philip A. Laszlo de Lombos). (1869-1937.)

1930. LADY ORPEN ; by Sir William Orpen, K.B.E., R.A. (1878-1931). (Tate Gallery.)

FIVE DECADES OF WOMEN IN ART

THIS is how four painters and a sculptor saw women during the half-century. Our choice is arbitrary in the space available, but the names are among the most distinguished of their times, and in each picture and the sculpture the manner is typical of the artist, and easily recognisable. The pictures were painted round about the years given.

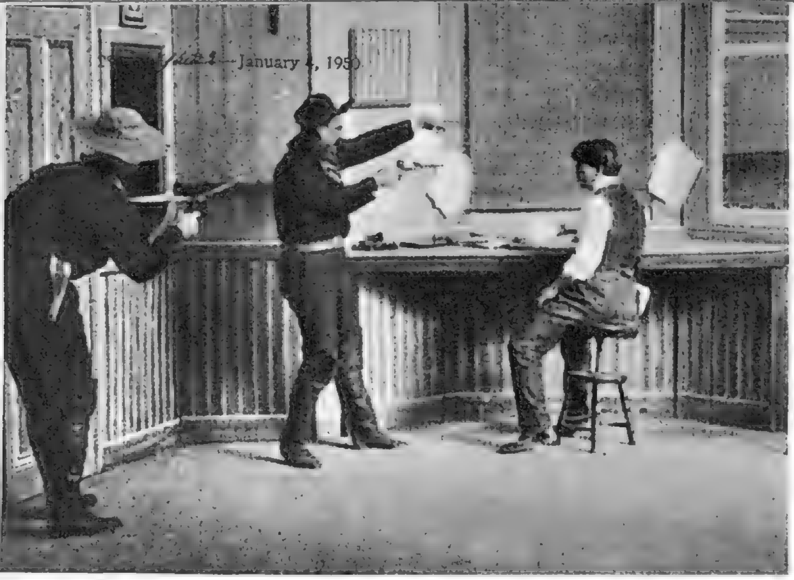
1940. BRIGIT ; by Augustus John, O.M., R.A.

To-day (1947-48). Detail of THREE STANDING FIGURES ; by Henry Moore.

HIGHLAND ENGAGEMENT

TWO Highland families will be united when the Hon. Jean Coats, Lord Glentanar's only child, marries the second son of Lord and Lady Elgin, the Hon. James Bruce, to whom she announced her engagement just before Christmas. From her Norwegian mother, the late Lady Glentanar, Miss Coats inherits her fair beauty, blue eyes, and the name Dagbjört. She is popular in Aberdeenshire, where she keeps house for her father at Glen Tanar Castle. Mr. Bruce, formerly a lieutenant in the Scots Guards, is a second-year student at Cirencester Royal Agricultural College, working for a diploma. They intend to farm seriously.

Photographed by JANET JEVONS.



1903 : *The Great Train Robbery*, the earliest important story film and first of the Westerns.

1912 : Sarah Bernhardt in *Queen Elizabeth*, which gave Hollywood the idea of Famous Players in Famous Plays.

FIFTY YEARS

By C. A.

THERE is something eminently satisfying to the tidy mind in a survey of the past half-century of cinema, since it covers practically the whole field of motion-picture entertainment; the past fifty years and the first fifty years of films being, in effect, identical.

Of course, it is possible to argue that films "began" many centuries ago: in the Confucian shadow-plays, the frescoes on the pillars of Egyptian temples, the observations of Aristotle, who noted that the sun shining through a square hole in a shutter cast a circular spot of light on a darkened wall, or of his contemporary who remarked that the whirling stone of a slinger, or the light of a rapidly swung torch, presented an apparently unbroken circle to the eye. Or it could be said that films "began" with the *camera obscura* of Leonardo da Vinci, or with the enterprise of the seventeenth-century impresario Athanasius Kircher, whose preview of the first magic-lantern show, starring the Devil, had the nobility and intelligentsia of Rome in raptures. But for practical purposes it is better to agree that films "began" in 1896; the year in which Edison's Vitascope was the novelty of New York, Paul's Theatregraph was drawing the crowds to the London music-halls, and Lumière's Cinematographe was the current rage of Paris, Budapest and Vienna.

For the first few years of the twentieth century, moving pictures remained an affair of short trick films, newsreels, and peep-keyhole domestic comedies; trips to the moon and men sawn in half by motor-cars; a train arriving in a station; the view from a travelling car that really travelled; *How Bridget Served the Salad Undressed* or *Caught in the Act: or the Pretty Stenographer*.

After seven years of this sort of thing the novelty was beginning to wear off, and the music-hall proprietors were seriously using the "bioscope" as a chaser to clear audiences out of the theatre, when a picture came along that revived public interest in the new toy, and set the whole course of the cinema for the next twenty-five years. It was called *The Great Train Robbery*, and is, of course, a preposterous work by modern standards. But in the space of less than ten minutes it managed to tell a complete story, and for the first time, in a whirl of excitement, the public became aware of the possibilities of the camera as a yarn-spinner. From then on, although the "topical" survived, trick films and peephole farces dwindled and the majority of films took the short-story form, with a fictitious romance and generally a chase *motif*. Round about 1906, the first crude colour films were shown, and shortly afterwards the public began to create the star system by following their favourite actors wherever they appeared. By 1911 there were 4000 "picture palaces" in England alone, and with celebrities such as Sarah Bernhardt, Rejane, Sir Herbert Tree and Frank Benson lending their talents to the new drama, the film was definitely out of the chaser class.

The year 1912 may be taken as the starting-point of the "feature" film. For some time, long historical pictures—fabulous films that took an hour to show—had been coming across the water from France and Italy. The fashion for longer films caught on in Hollywood, that mushroom estate in California to which the industry, driven west by patent troubles, had migrated. Fired by the success of Bernhardt's *Queen Elizabeth* ("I rely upon these films to make me immortal," said poor, deluded Sarah), Hollywood conceived the idea of presenting Famous Players in Famous Plays. From that time on, no programme was complete without its full-length drama.

The two-reel comedy, however, remained to add relish to the bill, and in 1913 the movies discovered their first genius, a little man with baggy trousers, broken-down boots and a bowler hat. By the time the 1914-18 war began, effigies of Charlie Chaplin

1924 : Douglas Fairbanks, Senr., in *The Thief of Bagdad*.

1928 : Charlie Chaplin, in traditional tramp garb, in *The Circus*.

1930 : Marlene Dietrich in *The Blue Angel*, one of the first major "talkies."

Pictures by courtesy of

1915: Henry Walthall and Mae Marsh in *The Birth of a Nation*, D. W. Griffith's epic of the American Civil War.

1915-1925: the reign of Mary Pickford as the "World's Sweetheart."

1921: "The Great Lover," Rudolph Valentino, in *The Sheik*

OF FILMS

LEJEUNE

in pasteboard flirted a gay cane at pictures of the World's Sweetheart, a girl with golden curls and a heart-shaped face, in the lobby of every picture-palace. There followed four years of resolutely escapist entertainment, in which Charlie was the favourite clown, and Mary Pickford the first pin-up girl, smiling down from the walls of countless dug-outs. A young man named Douglas Fairbanks horrified the producers, and delighted the public, by his tendency to flout the script by leaping from walls and by vaulting fences. A young woman named Theodosia Goodman changed her name to Theda Bara, and introduced the first vamp to an enraptured audience.

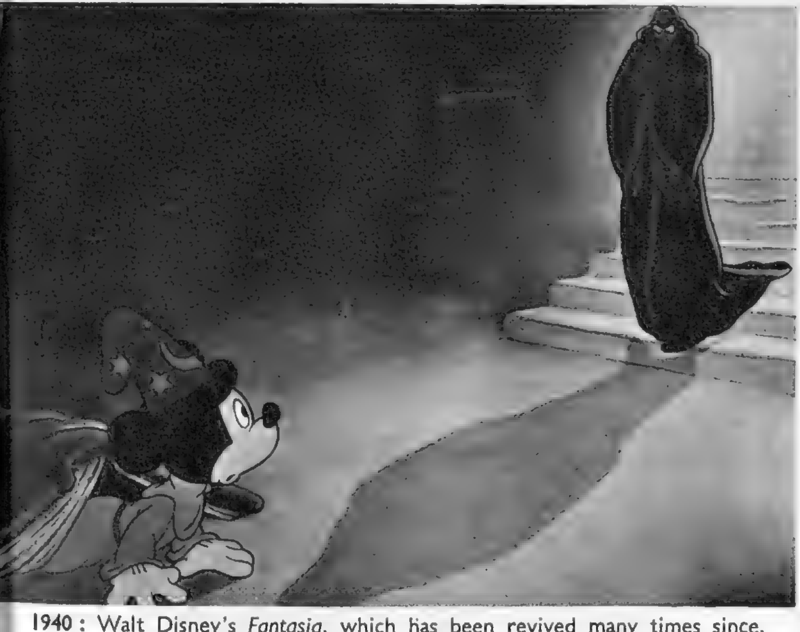
In the middle of all this, a director named D. W. Griffith startled the world with a couple of long, unprecedented films called *The Birth of a Nation* and *Intolerance*, which played the dickens with routine by breaking up the plot into parallel stories, and thrusting close-ups under people's noses. The second great genius of the cinema had arrived.

The years immediately following the war were prosperous ones for the cinema. Super-luxury palaces were built, and Mighty Wurlitzers sprang out of the ground like mushrooms. An orgy of affluence pervaded the Hollywood scene. Cecil de Mille pushed his stars into gilded bath-tubs, and Elinor Glyn stretched them out on tiger-skins. A young dancer from the Argentine made a film called *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, and the world discovered in Rudolph Valentino its dream lover.

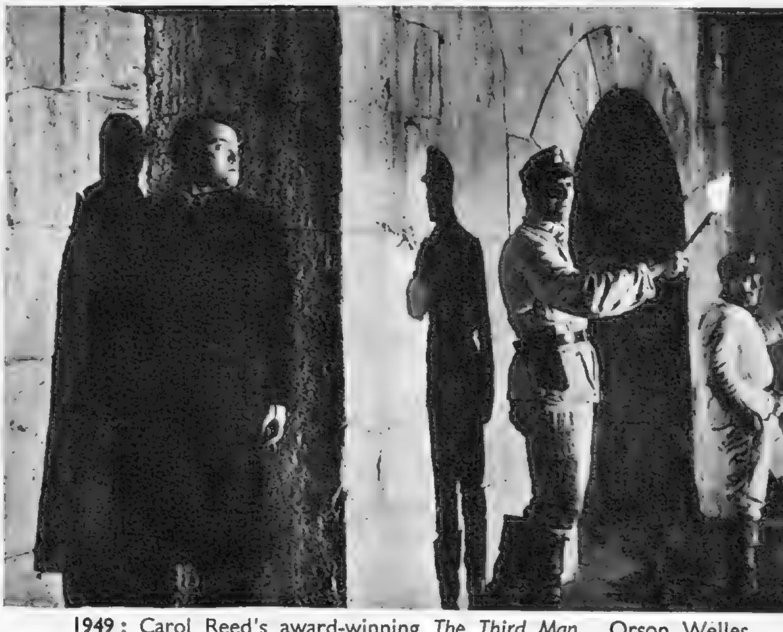
Meanwhile, numbed Europe slowly shook itself and came to life again. First Sweden, largely untouched by war, with its beautiful, slow pictures, and a girl named Garbo. Then Germany, turning hungrily to art for refreshment and rebirth with its exciting, psychopathic films, directors named Lang and Lubitsch, and an actress named Dietrich. Then France, with its passionate ardour for experiment, and a man named Clair. Then Russia, with a parcel of the most powerful silent pictures ever made, and two chaps named Eisenstein and Pudowkin.

It was a major tragedy for Moscow that its great films should have begun to win international regard at the moment when they ceased to be valid as international currency. In 1928 the first full-length talkies appeared in America and England—*The Lights of New York* in America, *The Terror* in London—and the film situation was changed overnight. This new thing, the Talking Film, was irresistible. It swept the silent cinema away like a hurricane. Within a few weeks *The Terror* and *The Lights of New York* were followed by *The Melody of Love* and Al Jolson's sensationally successful weepie, *The Singing Fool*. Silent films in production were junked, re-shot with sound (like Hitchcock's *Blackmail*), or brought up to date with dialogue sequences. Studios and theatres all over the world were forced to scrap their existent installations and equip themselves with talkie apparatus.

To the modern generation, the word "film" and the word "talkie" have always been synonymous, but in a total survey of the cinema, the twenty-one years of talkies seem curiously less significant than the quarter-century of films that preceded them. There have been technical improvements, naturally; refinements of sound, story-telling, photography and acting. Men of talent, such as John Ford and William Wyler, Orson Welles and Carol Reed, Roberto Rosselini and Julien Duvivier, have made their individual contributions to the talkies, but the pattern was set by the pioneers who spent their apprenticeship in the days of the silent cinema. Only one artist of a genius to challenge Chaplin's has sprung indigenously from the talkies. His name is Walt Disney. When all the other claims are considered, classified and fined down to a short list, Chaplin, Disney and Griffith remain the Big Three.



1940: Walt Disney's *Fantasia*, which has been revived many times since.



1949: Carol Reed's award-winning *The Third Man*. Orson Welles as Harry Lime hiding in the sewers of Vienna.

the National Film Library.

TELEVISION . . .

OUR first duty on this auspicious occasion is to resist the temptation—felt by all writers on television at this time of the year—to wish all our readers a Happy View Year. Our second duty is to welcome into the fold the great mass of Midlanders who are now not only able to hear the witticisms of Mr. Terry Thomas, but also to see the teeth between which these are made. The first reports on the new Sutton Coldfield transmitter suggest that its range and quality of reception far exceed the cautious forecasts of the B.B.C.

The Postmaster-General, in the opening ceremony, brought home the size of the fold by reminding us that one-third of the total population of this country has now a permit to view—and the number is probably even greater than that. This colossal addition to TV's audience is going to present some pretty problems to the programme planners. After their first slavish devotion to their shiny new sets has worn off, Midlanders are not going to be fobbed off with anything and everything sent up to them by lah-di-dah London (we can't wait to hear what Coventry thinks of the Connovers !) ; nor are lah-di-dah Londoners going to wax enthusiastic if too many programmes of purely Midland appeal are sent buzzing along the cable in the opposite direction. And to approach the problem from another angle, we cannot think of many authors who—having written a new play—will be willing to give it an airing on TV ; with over a third of the nation seeing it in a single performance, its chances of a commercial run are surely lessened. We cannot see famous comedians sitting up all night to concoct brand-new acts for TV when the gags therein become as dead as doornails overnight to audiences from Bognor to Hull. We cannot see promoters of sporting events becoming any more willing to allow the cameras on to their grounds now that the number of stay-at-home sports fans is so greatly increased ; and, remember, the televising of, say, a Rugby match from Richmond on a moist Saturday afternoon may affect not only the attendance at that match (the R.F.U. don't mind that so much), but also the attendance at Coventry City's home game (the F.A. mind that a great deal).

Even so, given both patience from the customers and careful planning by the authorities, Saturday, December 17, 1949, may well mark the real coming into its own of TV in this country. For the first time the B.B.C. seem to have admitted that sound broadcasting is an ailing and incurable old stager, and agreed that TV is to be given priority. The possibilities now opening up are thrilling ; the responsibilities almost frightening. Somehow, in spite of our continued carping note, we have a feeling that at Alexandra Palace they have the right sort of people to cope with both.

WE do hope the Midlanders don't run away with the idea that the variety show which they saw on the opening night of the new transmitter is in any way typical of TV variety. If they did get that impression, they'll no doubt revise it the first time they catch "Rooftop Rendezvous" ! No expense was spared on the opening night : even Les Girls wore attractive dresses instead of those old bits out of that basket in the corner of the wardrobe,

(*Continued opposite.*

The Winslow Boy was the first play to be televised simultaneously to " Midlands and Home Counties audiences. Roger Livesey as Sir Robert as Morton, K.C., the defending counsel, Valerie White as Catherine, the pi boy's sister, and Walter Fitzgerald, his father, are seen above with the w sleeping Ronnie, played by Freddie Mason, the cause of the trouble

The B.B.C.'s Sutton Coldfield transmitter came into service on December 17. The first to face the new Midland audience was 23-year-old Miss Sylvia Peters, announcer at Alexandra Palace since June 1947.

Stars in Your Eyes, a variety revue featuring Leslie Henson, Binnie Hale, Stanley Holloway, "Hutch," and Jolly and Partners (above), was specially staged for the opening Midland programme.

Vic Oliver Introduces" showed TV viewers a Vic in serious as well s lighthearted mood—as straight comedian and comedy violinist, as a ianist and conductor of his British Concert Orchestra. The programme as a mixture of classical songs and music, ballet and comedy. Above he is seen with "stooge" Ernie Brooks.

. . . *by* ROBERT DANE

and—praise be!—for once they didn't hop about with those damnable bits of cardboard which spell out the name of the next act. Miss Binnie Hale, Mr. Leslie Henson and Mr. Stanley Holloway topped the bill, by no means over-exerting themselves in reviving a sketch which they have been doing off and on since John Logie Baird first transmitted a picture from one room to another. The success of the evening was left in the hands of "Hutch" and some first-rate supporting acts, among them a young man called Jolly, who surely must have convinced Midland listeners that the whole business of television was a box-of-tricks and done by mirrors. We should hate to be dug in the ribs by Jolly's forefinger, for it is no ordinary forefinger. When it comes to balancing a ball on a pedestal, a champagne bottle on top of the ball, a second champagne bottle on top of the first, and a second ball on top of the second bottle, and then standing on his forefinger on top of the whole caboodle—well, we give up. It just isn't possible.

OWING to the tiresome interruption of the festive season, these notes are written far in advance, and deal with programmes which may either be forgotten or—in one case—had jolly well better be. But we have had three Sunday-night plays recently which deserve to be briefly noted, if only to give the Midlanders some idea of what they're in for.

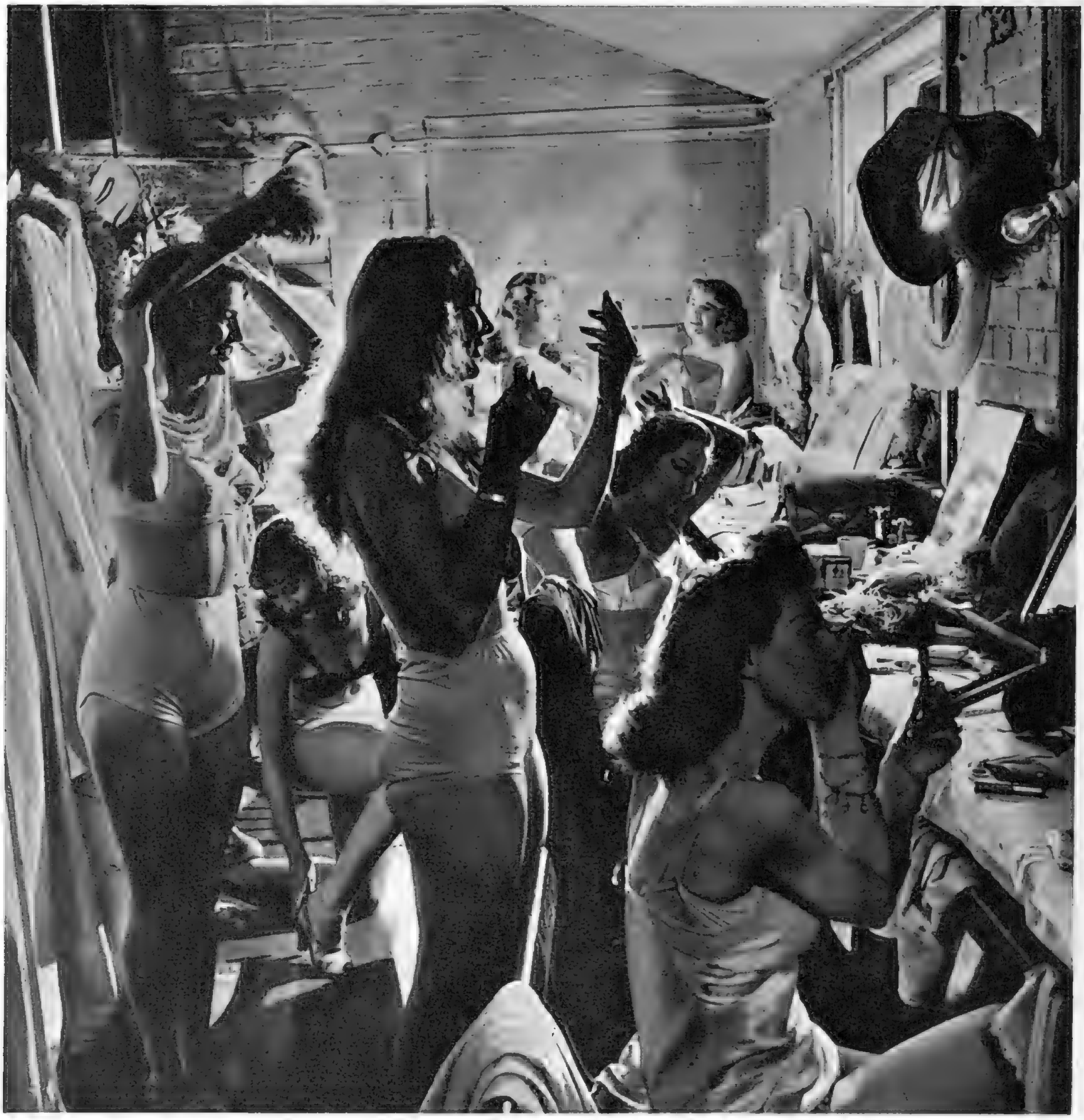
First, that difficult old dollop of blood-and-thunder, *The Duchess of Malfi*, which was excellently produced by Stephen Harrison and quite superbly acted by a cast headed by Miss Irene Worth, Mr. David King-Wood, and Mr. David Markham. Settings, very good indeed; Miss Worth brilliant in the title-rôle; supporting cast, first-rate. Full marks.

On the following Sabbath, what should have been an event: the première of a new play by Mr. J. B. Priestley, entitled *Whitehall Wonders*. More than Whitehall must have wondered at this one; the charitable view is that Mr. Priestley wrote it in a hurry and in the mistaken notion that people don't see things very clearly on TV. They do, you know; they do. They also hear. It would also be charitable not to mention any of the cast by name; in any case, you could hardly blame them. No marks.

And, thirdly, a sound workmanlike production of Mr. Terence Rattigan's *The Winslow Boy*, which, being a good play, remains good, whether done on TV, read in Braille, or played in Kuala Lumpur by the local amateurs. It was produced without any nonsense by Mr. Royston Morley, and must have provided a good first Sunday evening's entertainment for the Midlanders. Mr. Roger Livesey, a little unsure of his lines, lost grip on his cross-examination of the boy, and for a few terrible moments we thought the wretched youth, instead of being terrified by the eminent K.C., was going to tick him off for fluffing; Mr. Walter Fitzgerald, though at times inclined to vocal tricks more suited to the Lamentations of Job than to a sturdy British oak, was excellent as Winslow *père*; Miss Valerie White was, we thought, even better than Miss Angela Baddeley in the stage production—which is saying something; and Mr. Jack Watling repeated his delightful study of the Bunny-Hugging, voice-just-broken elder brother. 90 out of 100 marks.

The Duchess of Malfi, John Webster's Jacobean tragedy, full of dramatic horror, had Irene Worth in the tragic name-part. She is seen above with three servants, and Bosola, played by William Devlin.

The Dance of Salome, a new form of dance drama based on Oscar Wilde's play, was produced by Christian Simpson. Celia Franca as Salome is seen above asking the soldiers to release the Prophet.



LADIES FIRST

★

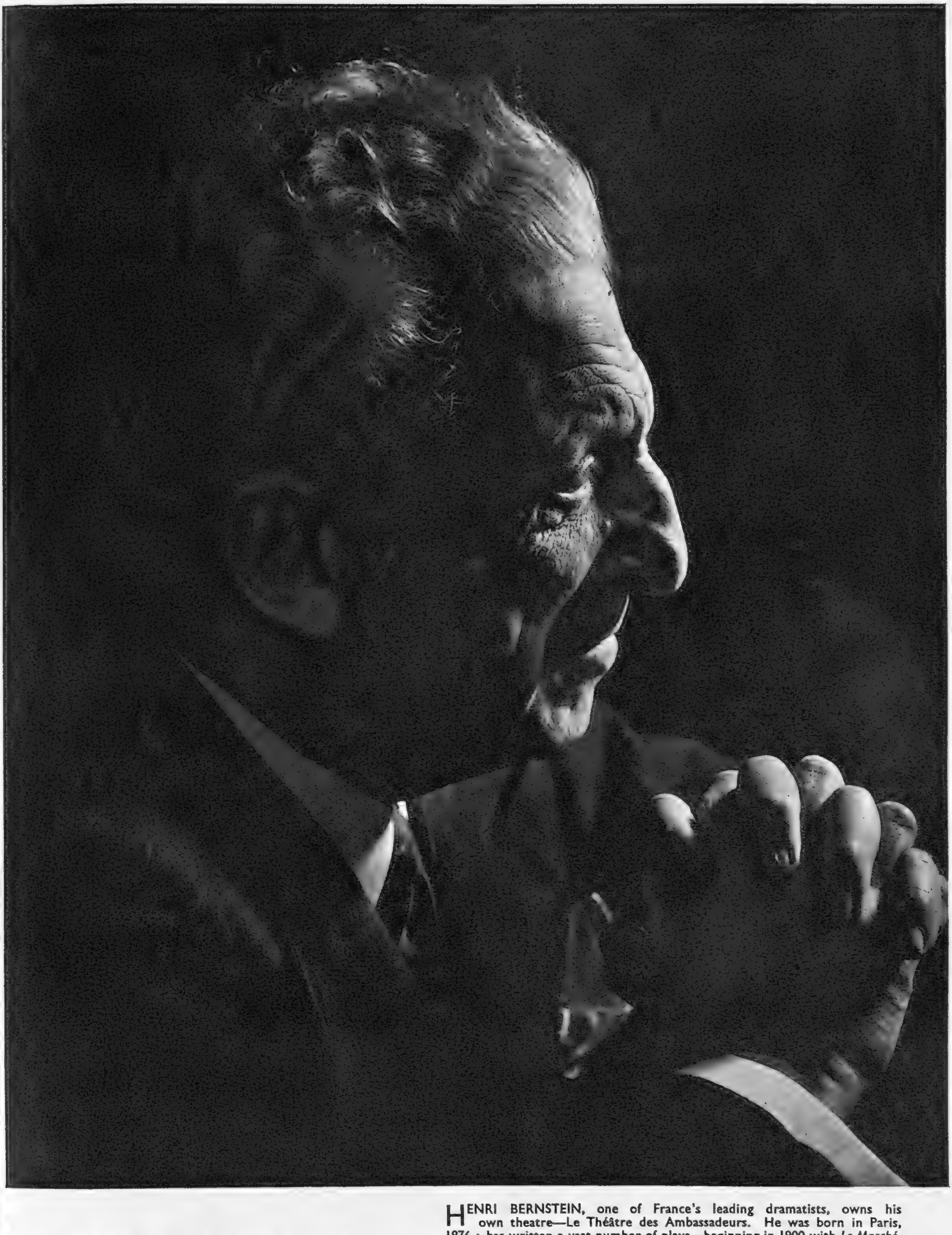
Prizewinning News Pictures of the Year

THESE admirable snapshots won prizes last month in a lively "British News Pictures of the Year" competition, the second of its kind organised by the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Over 200 Press cameramen competed, and the prizes awarded included illuminated diplomas and cheques varying from 100 guineas to ten. More than 100 pictures, including the prizewinners, have been selected by the judges as the outstanding entries in the competition, and these will be exhibited at the Royal Photographic Society, 16, Princes Gate, next week.

Peter Waugh won First Prize with this *Dressing-room of the Folies Bergère Chorus* in the Feature Category of the "British News Pictures of the Year" competition.

Sally Ann Howes on the Beach at Bognor, by Malcolm McNeill, took third place in the Feature Category.

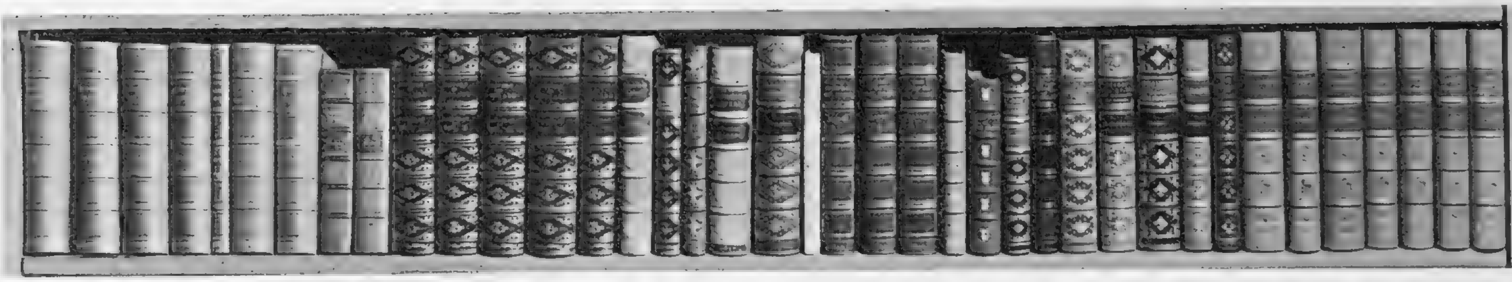
This snapshot of "*Gussie*" *Moran in Play* is by Robert Rider-Rider, who has won the title "British News Photographer of the Year."



PARIS PLAYWRIGHT

HENRI BERNSTEIN, one of France's leading dramatists, owns his own theatre—Le Théâtre des Ambassadeurs. He was born in Paris, 1876 ; has written a vast number of plays—beginning in 1900 with *Le Marché*. And to mention a few down the fifty years : *Le Voleur*, *Le Secret*, *Le Venin*, *Le Camp des Tempêtes*. He is very much a "turn-of-the-century" playwright, who throughout his career has shown a remarkable ability to adapt himself to the fashion and spirit of the age.

Photographed by KARSH OF OTTAWA.



OUR BOOKSHELF

Half a Century of English Fiction

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

I WOULD like to do this in the form of a graph. And why not? With statistics, and sales charts, and Gallup polls being applied to everything else in modern life, there seems no reason why literature should escape these misleading imbecilities. Such a graph, if it recorded the production of good novels, would rise to a peak somewhere in the first two decades of the century and tail away sadly to a low level during the last ten years. It is a painful and unwelcome thought, but I do not think that the most sanguine of critics, the most anxious to see in each new publishers' discovery an inextinguishable light, will deny that it is true.

For consider the riches of those first two decades. First there were living a number of writers whose best work was done, but who, so far as we knew, might even then have surprised us. Thomas Hardy published no novel after the turn of the century and Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy* had appeared in 1896, but since William de Morgan issued his first novel, *Joseph Vance*, in 1906, at the age of sixty-seven, there seemed no reason to think that good things might not come from the older writers. Joseph Conrad was at the height of his powers: from *Lord Jim* in 1900 his magnificent stories appeared at intervals of a year or two until after his death in 1924. H. G. Wells had developed from scientific romances to his great human novels, *Kipps* and *Mr. Polly*, while Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale* did not appear until 1906. Rudyard Kipling wrote the best of his short stories in those two decades, and his immortal *Kim* appeared in 1901. All but one of Mr. E. M. Forster's fine studies of contemporary life had appeared before 1920, and although Maurice Hewlett's *Forest Lovers* was published in the 'nineties, the other three books by which he is likely to be remembered were all of our century—*The Queen's Quair*, *Richard Yea-and-Nay* and *Little Novels of Italy*. The most notable experiment was, of course, James Joyce's *Ulysses*, but its effect was not felt at once and its influence is still growing.

One does not think of Kenneth Grahame as a novelist, but *Wind in the Willows* is certainly fiction and was published in 1908, and another writer of some of the best prose in the language, though primarily a short-story-teller, did his best work in these years—R. B. Cunninghame Graham. C. E. Montague's brilliant *A Hind Let Loose* and *The Morning's War* belong essentially to the period; so do those early novels of Mr. Compton Mackenzie which many of us persist in believing to be his finest.

THERE really seems no end to it. There are names which are in danger of oblivion now, but which will return, I am sure, in a more discerning age or when we have come far enough to see them with detachment. May Sinclair, for example, still seems to me the most accomplished woman writer since Mrs. Gaskell, though Katharine Mansfield, whose most interesting work was also done at this time, in another spirit made considerable contributions to the development of the short story. M. P. Shiel, whose appeal has always been an esoteric one, was writing one after another of his lush and lurid books which had no great material success but have always found their way to a small but devoted circle of readers, and Leonard Merrick, of whose vastly different work much the same thing could be said, was yet another contemporary. The delicious short stories of Saki, the last books of Richard Whiteing, W. H. Mallock and E. W. Hornung appeared, while there was a number of good craftsmen turning out sound adventure stories which, if they cannot be remembered as classics, certainly had qualities not found in the corresponding work of to-day—among them Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, John Buchan and Baroness Orczy.

Who were the still rising novelists of that time? John Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* did not appear until 1922, but its component parts had all been published and praised. Mr. Somerset Maugham was already firmly established as the most beguiling story-teller of our age, a position he shows no signs of relinquishing, while D. H. Lawrence had already attracted a certain staunch following. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, Mr. Oliver Onions, Miss Rose Macaulay and Ford Madox Ford were all firmly in the saddle, while Miss Clemence Dane and Mr. T. F. Powys each had their following. It still seems a remarkable concentration of talent into a short period of time.

IN the 'twenties and 'thirties we expected perhaps that it would continue, but they seem now to have been disappointing. The older writers were repeating themselves more or less gracefully, but few new novelists came forward. Of these, Mr. Aldous Huxley was at once the white hope of most of us, his chilly intellectualism and almost smirking satire being admirably suited to the age. We must still not despair of his fulfilling that hope, but his later books have been barren and side-tracking. Mr. John Collier was another strong possibility on whom long-term bets were laid, for his *Defy the Foul Fiend* and *Tom's A-Cold*, though also satires, were mature and warmhearted ones. But he has been lost to the film industry, at least for the present. John Cowper Powys's *Glastonbury Romance* was a large, exciting and eccentric book, but its successors have been little more than eccentric. The delicate craftsmanship of Virginia Woolf reached its near-perfection in these years.

There were the great best-sellers of the later 'twenties and the 'thirties, whose names swept through London and the provinces. Mr. J. B. Priestley, whose *The Good Companions* was a phenomenon of success, Mr. A. J. Cronin, whose *Hatter's Castle* was scarcely less discussed in those days, and Mr. Louis Golding, whose *Magnolia Street* defied all the precedents and made a study of Anglo-Jewish relationships a household word. Such successes might have come at any time—what was disturbing was not that these sold their hundreds of thousands, but that among the countless novels which achieved no popularity was so little of real promise.

Two names, however, did become known during the 'twenties which one repeats gratefully and still eagerly now—Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene. It would perhaps not be too much to say that the future of the English novel rests largely in their hands. Of all their generation they are the only writers from whom one's expectations are unlimited. Mr. Waugh, like others of his age started as a blithe satirist of contemporary manners, and has become a novelist of strong proportions and a profound sense of human values. Mr. Graham Greene, whose early books were thrillers with an exciting undertone of introspection, has also developed beyond his seeming limitations, and his later books have been full-blooded dramas showing an almost Conradian scope of sentiment.

Other novelists who emerged before the last war and have their champions to-day are Mr. Charles Morgan, Dr. C. P. Snow, Mr. Joyce Cary and Mr. H. E. Bates. And there are two who have chosen as the background for most of their work the countries in which they were born, Ireland and Wales—Mr. Liam O'Flaherty and Mr. Rhys Davies. Mr. Davies seems to me to be particularly interesting, for in spite of the limitations of time and place which he sets on his own work, he never does the same thing twice. Miss Rosamund Lehmann, whose novels one still reads with avid attention, Mr. R. C. Hutchinson, whose *Shining Scabbard* is not easily forgotten, and that vigorous and racy story-teller, Mr. Gerald Kersh, are also of this *galère*.

AND so to the wartime and post-war novelists whom we are watching now. This, on present showing, is mere speculation—the odds are long, there is a big field, and the most that a reviewer can hope is to be a fairly good tipster. My fancy is first Mr. William Sansom, whose writing is full of power and poetry, and whose stature increases with every book he writes. Perhaps Denton Welch would have been his strongest rival; his death a year ago was a real loss to letters. Beyond them I can do no more than list a few possibilities—Mr. Christopher Sykes, Mr. Jocelyn Brooke, Mr. Geoffrey Cotterell, Mr. Angus Wilson and Mr. Ian Niall.

Perhaps what will really show the younger writers at their best will be the boom in novels about the war, which will inevitably come within the next five years. At least it will give them "something to write about."

Melvillainy

FIFTY-FIFTY

"THE first half-century, young man," the sage
remarked,
"Is difficult and slow, with danger fraught.
The batsman, noting how the field is parked,
Digs himself in lest prematurely caught.
His eye, not yet accustomed to the light,
Is apt to make mistakes and see things wrong;
He treats the pitch in manner most polite,
Bats cautiously if he 's to stay there long.
So, as with singles slowly mounts his score,
The first half-century 's inclined to be a bore."

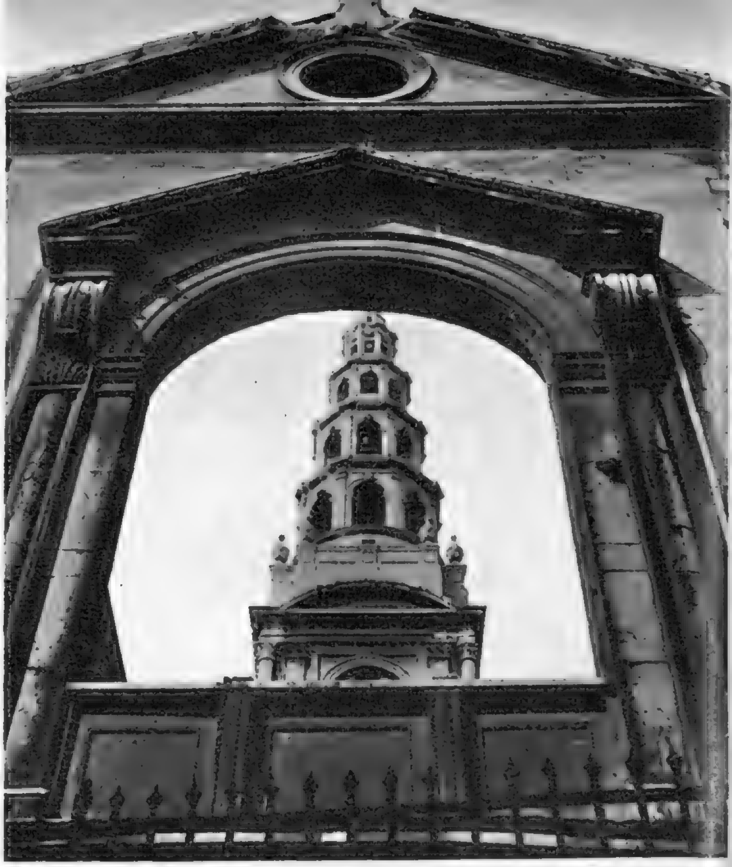
"But once the fifty 's up," went on the sage,
"Observe, young man, how changed the
atmosphere:
Just as a ledger clerk turns o'er the page,
The batsman starts afresh and shows no fear,
Attacks the bowling, trots out all his tricks,
Takes risks, and scorns the meagre single run;
Thwacks opposition for a mighty six,
Scores at a rate which Jehu might have done.
Thus, though the first half-century seems slow,
The second half is gone before you know."

"So is it, youth, with Life," the sage drooled on.
"Here at the halfway mark we safely stand,
Our fifty scored; our early terrors gone,
Dug in and confident, the game in hand.
Now, till our century is on the board,
Let us hit out and show respect for none;
Take all the risks which we can now afford,
Attack the bowling till the match be won.
Then you (not I, alas) will see, no doubt,
The scoreboard read: 'Two Thousand Years—
Not Out.'"

The prospect which the fool thus dangled
So stunned me I could not reply.
Instead, I gripped the ass and strangled
Him with his I. Zingari tie.

Alan Melville

Fleet Street, looking east up to St. Paul's. Seen are Press cameramen setting out on a job.

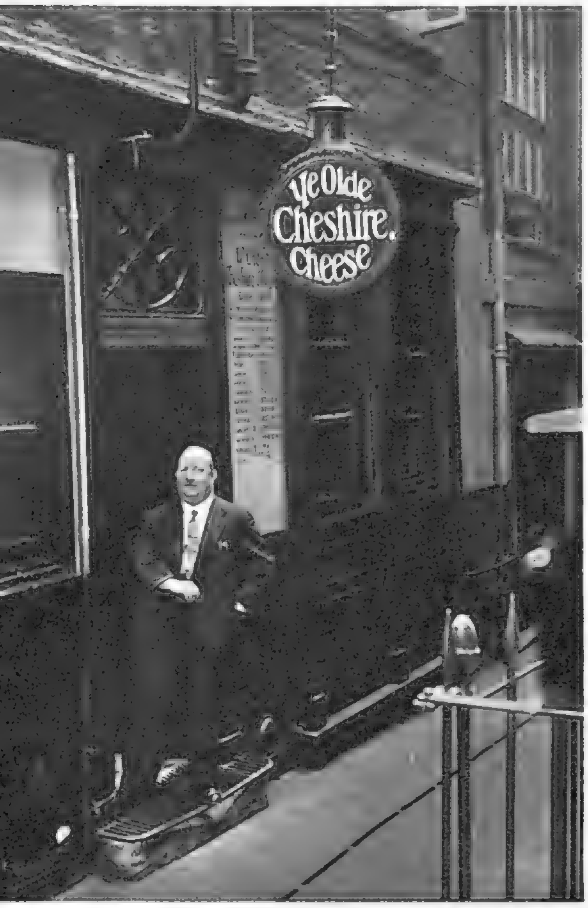


Whenever Fleet Street men are in danger or die, services are held ir St. Bride's, the unofficial Press church. Although most of it was destroyed during the war by bombing, the tower still stands and a small section inside is open for services.

STREET

NEWSPAPERMEN are gregarious folk, but it is only in London that newspapers have congregated within one street. In the quarter-mile length of Fleet Street one sees the offices of nearly every newspaper printed in the British Isles as well as the London office of hundreds of overseas journals. Here, almost every second person is sure to be a journalist or in some way connected with the Press. The very air seems to smell of ink, to vibrate with the tapping of typewriters, teleprinters and the roar of presses churning out millions

Photographed by



Jack Bright, host of the world-famous fourteenth-century Cheshire Cheese, stands on the protecting grille over the stone step worn down by countless patrons.

On the walls of the Falstaff bar are the autographed pictures of many notable reporter and editor patrons. Here, "Old Harry," one of the best-known of Fleet Street's newspaper sellers, regularly disposes of his wares.

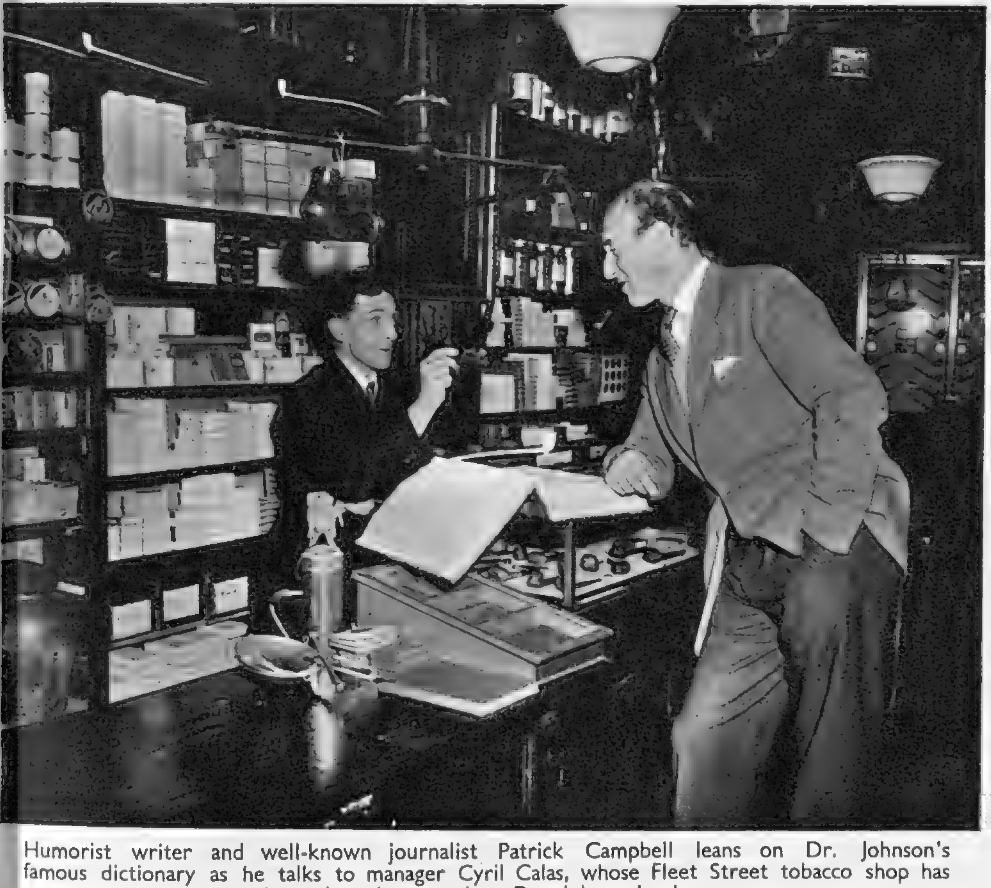
On the staircase of the Press Club are valuable prints of famous Fleet Street figures of the past. Left to right are: Samuel Pepys, Sir R. L'Estrange, Daniel Defoe, Sir Richard Steele, and Addison, who collaborated with Steele in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*.

Siesta in the library of the Press Club after lunch: an any-day-of-the-week scene.

OF INK

of copies each day. Starting at Temple Bar, the "entrance" to the City, and running down to Ludgate Circus, this, during the day, is one of the busiest streets of the Metropolis. Its taverns are famous to visitors, and frequented by authors and journalists whose names are household words all over the world. Inns such as the Cheshire Cheese, Peeles, Ye Olde Cock Tavern, have been serving newspapermen for centuries. These pictures show some of the highlights of this "street of ink."

CHRIS WARE.



Humorist writer and well-known journalist Patrick Campbell leans on Dr. Johnson's famous dictionary as he talks to manager Cyril Calas, whose Fleet Street tobacco shop has been in existence since Dr. Johnson's day.

Another familiar newsvendor is "Old George," who has been selling his papers outside the post office for years; always wears a bowler and wing collar.

***1901.** Miss Margot Fonteyn in a gown her grandmother might have worn—of powder-blue broché, with woven stripes of pearly silver. Rows of black velvet ribbon and lace trim it. The cost of a dress such as this was about £25 in days when money had at least three times its present purchasing power.*

***1904.** Miss Joyce Redman, the young Irish-born actress, shows a swimming costume of light navy twill, with a blue-and-white check yoke, and a trimming of fancy silk braid and rick-rack. Bloomers cover her knees and she wears stockings with laced sand shoes and a waterproof cap.*

***1907.** Miss Anne Scott-James, the London Editress of "Harper's Bazaar," sets off to Edwardian perfection a dress of chiffon with a draped, high-waisted bodice. The material has a bold printed pattern of spots and large clusters of pink flowers. The yoke is of net sewn with bugle beads, and the lining and underskirt of taffeta.*

Fifty Fashionabl

WOMEN OF TO-DAY DRESS UP
WORN BY THEIR MOTHERS AND

***1919.** Here we have Miss Hermione Gingold, well-known comedienne, in a royal blue and gold dress under an emerald and gold cloak, a "gorgeous" style reflecting the Oriental influence of the Russian ballet. The tunic dress is trimmed with dyed marabou, and the sleeves and underskirt are of that ubiquitous material, georgette. The loose fit of this mode made it possible for unconventional women to discard their corsets.*

UNTIL her death in 1901, Queen Victoria's mournful widowhood held back the frivolities of dress in England, but under the gay Edward VII, fashion burst forth with all the pomp and circumstance of the new century. A great deal of freshly-acquired wealth made a frank display in social life, at the theatre, Court balls and the races. Women demanded tiaras, lorgnettes and fans studded with jewels. There was lavish embroidery, and trailing skirts everywhere caught the dust. The bustle had gone, and the new interest was on sleeves, which grew alarmingly in size and width. Capes and cloaks were in, and hair was piled up loosely in "top-knots."

It was the day of tennis and croquet, and the bathing machine. Only cranks and vegetarians sunbathed, but ladies daringly appeared in serge bloomers to dip and plunge at fashionable seaside resorts.

By 1907 women had grown self-consciously feminine. Soft and clinging materials, known generally as "chiffons," came in; pink velvet ribbons and dresses of broderie anglaise clad the opponents of "shrieking suffragettes," themselves favouring tailor-made suits, masculine shirts and hats.

The death of Edward in 1910 and the sobering influence of the new Court ended the "willowy figure in vieux rose crêpe de chine." M. Paul Poiret showed his brilliant and orientally-inspired collection in London, and set the English ladies flocking to Paris to be fitted with gowns originally designed with the wives of dollar-spending Americans in mind. Until the war, unsuitably clad in harem and hobble skirts, they danced the tango and enjoyed holidays in the South of France.

Dress emancipation for the masses came with mass dressmaking. Woollens took the place of silks for the well-to-do, and the "lower classes" wore copies made up in cheaper materials, so closely resembling them that it became hard to recognise the class or station of a woman from her attire.

With the First World War came the short skirt. Fashion was now as much for the masses as for the

***1927.** Mrs. John Rhodes shows a dress designed when skirts were at their shortest. Marshall and Snelgrove made it of sage-green silk with petunia-coloured details. A large hand-embroidered modernistic posy of flowers and fruit accents the hip. Her cloche conceals the eyebrows.*

1909. Miss Beatrice Lillie, who in private life is Lady Peel, is extremely elegant in a dress of copper-coloured satin trimmed with rouleaux of the same stuff, and a new type of lace. Her large tricorne of bronze straw is adorned with ospreys, ostrich feathers and lace. A huge hat-pin, shaped like a dragon-fly, is needed to hold it in place.

1913. Miss Matilda Etches, herself a famous couturière, wears an evening coat by the Parisian firm of Giraud Sirie. It is of gold and almond green lamé, embroidered in gold thread and coloured "jewels." Real chinchilla makes the huge muff and stole. Typical of the period is the aigrette.

1916. Miss Rachel Kempson, Michael Redgrave's charming young wife, shows a summer afternoon dress of white spotted net and Irish crochet lace, sashed with mauve satin. There is a simulated bolero and a flower-trimmed straw hat. The New Look of 1947 was in many ways a revival of this full-skirted style.

Years

N THE MODES
RANDMOTHERS

(Fox.)

1931. A mannequin of this functional period poses in a "chic ensemble." The black-and-white check coat, which has a matching beret, is the wrap-round type, held together with a wide black patent belt. Eyebrows were plucked to a thin black line, and Mascara became the rage.

wealthy. The new mode for the very brief Chemise dress, worn on a flattened, boyish figure, was so simple that much fabric and labour was saved during difficult years. Girls rejected their chaperones, owned their own latch-key and showed their knees. The restless decade of new careers for women, changing fortunes, was dominated by the stocking. Beige stockings ousted black. Silk was soon rivalled by man-made rayon. They were glamorous, cost little, and even shop-girls could discard a pair undarned and buy new.

By 1925 the hem was at its highest. Cloche hats, worn with short-cropped hair, completely hid the face so that eyes might focus better on the leg. Feet were squeezed into tight Court shoes; swinging handbags and ear-rings and ostrich-feather fans were feminine baubles to complete the ensemble.

The uneven hemline of 1928 was the first sign of the return of the long dress, worn for a while again in the 'thirties. London by 1930 was famous for sports clothes and tailored suits, and the vogue was for the "outdoor girl." Women grew their hair again and the universal cloche was at last démodée.

The levelling of fashion, begun in the First, continued during the Second World War. Millions poured into war factories and the Forces, and uniforms had priority over civilian clothing, yet the families of fighting men had to have warm, well-made clothing of hard-wearing stuff, and be able to buy it at reasonable prices. So was born the "Utility Clothing Scheme." The clothes were made to specified standards, and so many rules were made to prevent waste of fabric that women began to look strangely alike. It was the day of the coupon book, wooden-soled shoes and slacks.

It was not until 1947, when Dior's New Look burst upon the world, that there was any startling change. Then once again fashion was in full swing.

And what of the future? Women have attained economic independence undreamed of in 1918. They have more money to spend than ever before in social history. Much of it will be spent on clothes. It is certain that well-informed teen-agers, with magazines to cater for their special needs and educate them in the art of dress, will not be foolish enough to be swayed by the lure of tight stays or wrongly-shaped shoes. It is fun to speculate on what new sartorial adventures women will be up to next.

★

We have taken our photographs from the book, "The Woman in Fashion" (Batsford; 25s.), by Doris Langley Moore, who chose Felix Fonteyn to take these charming pictures of costumes with which she hopes to start a museum of dress in London.

(Harper's Export Bazaar.)

1949. It is unwise to imagine that at last good taste reigns supreme: that we have arrived at a standard of attractiveness in dress from which no reasonable woman will ever wish to depart. The elegance of the "streamlined" tent-coat and the simplicity of the single-breasted fitted coat (above) will possibly be considered dowdy or comic before very long.

THISTLEDOWN DANCER

NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD Patricia Dainton has the part of Grete in the film of Ivor Novello's classic, *The Dancing Years*, due to be shown in London in early spring. In it she co-stars with Dennis Price and Gisèle Préville ; this is her first big rôle.

Dewar's "White Label"

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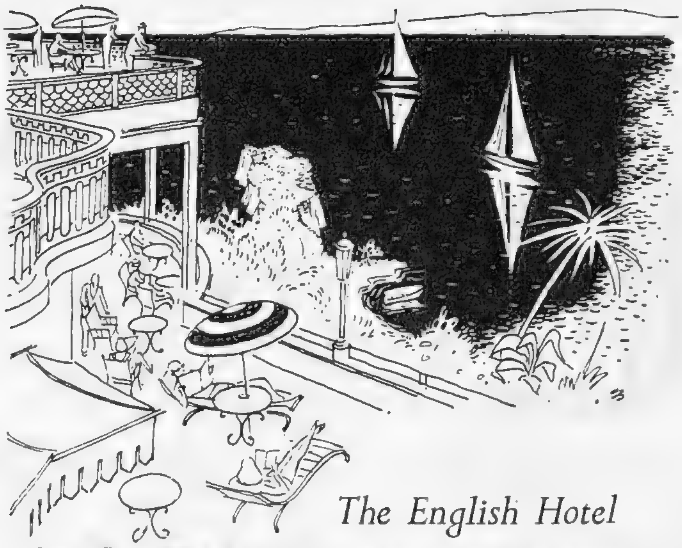

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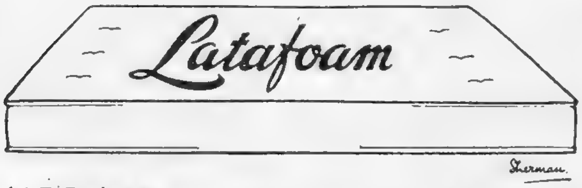

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CHANEL

WHAT GOES ON . . . .

Miss Sketch's Puppets Present their Selected List of Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

ENGAGEMENTS

A marriage has been arranged between:

Anthony Walsham Neville, son of Captain and Mrs. H. N. Lake, of Tinker's Hill Farm, Furneux Pelham, Buntingford, Hertfordshire, and Penelope Doune, daughter of the Hon. James P. and Mrs. Philipps, of Stondon Massey House, Brentwood, Essex.

Anthony Malcolm, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Galliers-Pratt, of Gellston Castle, Kirkudbrightshire, and Angela, daughter of the late Sir Charles Cayzer, Bt., and of Lady Cayzer, of Kinpurnie Castle, Angus.

Jeremy Frank, son of the late Sir Guy Graham, and Katherine Lady Graham, of Norton Conyers, Ripon, Yorkshire, and Susan May, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. T. Eustace Smith, of Barton Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire.

Hector, son of Mr. H. Laing, of Belton, Gullane, East Lothian, and of the late Mrs. Laing, and Marian Clare, daughter of Major-Gen. Sir John E. Laurie, Bt., and Lady Laurie, of Maxwelton, Moniaive, Dumfriesshire.

Captain Charles Henderson Tidbury, 60th Rifles, son of Brigadier and Mrs. O. H. Tidbury, of Greate House, Layer de la Haye, Essex, and Anne, daughter of the late Brigadier H. E. Russell, and of Mrs. Russell, of 30, Egerton Crescent, S.W.3.

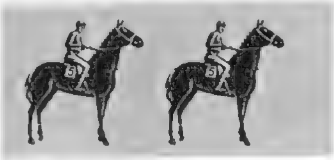
John Ley Greaves, M.D., M.R.C.P., and Elizabeth Margaret, daughter of Major and Mrs. N. I. E. Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, of East Worldham Manor, Alton, Hants.

David Craven, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. E. C. Lunn-Rockliffe, of 6, Barnes Close, Winchester, and Elizabeth Victoria, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. G. T. H. Capron, of Southwick Hall, Oundle, Peterborough.

Julian, son of the Right Hon. Leo Amery, and Mrs. Amery, and Catherine, daughter of the Right Hon. Harold Macmillan, M.P., and Lady Dorothy Macmillan.

Captain Martin Alexander Norman, M.C., 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, son of the late Major E. C. Norman and of Mrs. Norman, of Ickham Lodge, Ickham, near Canterbury, and Helen Elizabeth, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. G. C. Campbell, of Chicksgrove Manor, Tisbury, Wiltshire.

SPORT



RACING

Jan. 5. Stratford-on-Avon.
" 6–7. Haydock Park.
" 6–7. Windsor.
" 9–10. Leicester.
" 11–12. Cheltenham.
" 13–14. Lingfield Park.
" 16–17. Birmingham.
" 18–19. Hurst Park.
" 20–21. Sandown Park.

GENERAL SPORT

Rugby Football: England *v.* The Rest, at Twickenham, on Jan. 7; Scotland *v.* France, at Murrayfield, on Jan. 14.

Golf: Oxford and Cambridge G.S. President's Putter, at Rye, Jan. 5-8.

Squash Rackets: Amateur Championship at Lansdowne Club, London, Jan. 7-16.

HUNT BALLS

Sir W. W. Wynn's Hunt Ball at Eaton Hall, Chester, on Jan. 13.

The Hursley Hunt Ball at Marsh Court, near Stockbridge, on Jan. 13.

The Crawley and Horsham Hunt Ball at the West Sussex Country Club, Coolhurst, on Jan. 13.

The New College, Magdalen, and Trinity Beagles Hunt Ball at North Aston Hall, near Oxford, on Jan. 13.

The Belvoir Hunt Ball at the George Hotel, Grantham, on Jan. 20.

The V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Hunt Ball at the Bingham Hall, Cirencester, on Jan. 20.

The Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Ball on Jan. 20.

The Quorn Hunt Ball at Kingston Hall on Jan. 27.

The Grafton Hunt Ball at Wakefield on Jan. 27.

MONTE CARLO RALLY

The 20th annual 3000-kilometre car race across Europe, Jan. 22-29. Starting points at Glasgow, Florence, Lisbon, Oslo, Prague, Stockholm and a route beginning with Monte Carlo itself.

ENTERTAINMENT

STAGE

Old Favourites

"Oklahoma!" (Drury Lane). "Annie Get Your Gun" (Coliseum). "Traveller's Joy" (Criterion). "The Heiress" (Haymarket). "Harvey" (Prince of Wales). "Daphne Laureola" (Wyndham's). "One Wild Oat" (Garrick). "Brigadoon" (His Majesty's). "Black Chiffon" (Westminster). "Sauce Tartare" (Cambridge). "Worm's Eye View" (Whitehall). "Beaux' Stratagem" (Lyric). "On Monday Next" (Comedy).

Recent Choices

"A Streetcar Named Desire" (Aldwych)—Vivien Leigh in the Broadway success by Tennessee Williams.

"King's Rhapsody" (Palace)—Ivor Novello's newest (inevitable) musical success.

"Treasure Hunt" (Apollo)—Sybil Thorndike in Irish comedy.

"Young Wives' Tale" (Savoy)—Ronald Jeans' amusing comedy, with Joan Greenwood and Naunton Wayne.

"Before the Party" (St. Martin's)—adapted from the Maugham short story, with Constance Cummings.

"Castle in the Air" (Adelphi)—Alan Melville's Coal Board comedy, with Jack Buchanan and Coral Browne.

"The Philadelphia Story" (Duchess)—Margaret Leighton's engaging performance, supported by Hugh Sinclair and Robert Beatty.

Just Arrived or Due Shortly

"The Miser" (New)—Molière's classic is the fourth production of the Old Vic season. Jan. 17.

"Venus Observed" (St. James's)—by Christopher Fry, with Laurence Olivier acting in it and producing. Jan. 18.

"Ring Round the Moon" (Globe)—Jean Anouilh's play adapted by Christopher Fry, with Margaret Rutherford and Paul Scofield. Peter Brook's direction and Oliver Messel's décor. Jan. 26.

"The Boy with a Cart" and "Shall We Join the Ladies?" (Lyric, Hammersmith)—double bill consisting of a new one-act verse play by Christopher Fry, and revival of J. M. Barrie's famous unfinished one; directed by John Gielgud. Mid-Jan.

MUSIC

At the Royal Albert Hall:

A New Year Festival of Folk Dance, on Jan. 6 and 7.

Handel's "Messiah" by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, on Jan. 7 and 14.

The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by George Weldon, and Pouishnoff in a Tchaikovsky programme, on Jan. 8.

Song recital by Joan Hammond, on Jan. 8.

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts from Jan. 9-14 and 16-21.

The London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Anthony Collins, on Jan. 15.

ART

At the Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House: Landscape in French Art, 1550-1900 A.D.

At Arts Council, St. James's Square: English Water-colours and Drawings from the Gilbert Davis Collection, until Jan. 14.

At the Victoria and Albert Museum: the newly-opened Galleries of Continental and Islamic Art.

At the Guildhall: Accessions to the Permanent Collection 1940-49, from Jan. 9.

Pastel Society's 44th Exhibition: at R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly, from Jan. 13.

Paintings by Baron Opsomer: at R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street, W.1. Jan. 10.

Paintings of Spain by John Minton: at Lefevre Gallery, 131, New Bond Street. Jan. 5.

From Gainsborough to Hitchens. A Selection from the Howard Bliss Collection: at Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. Jan. 6.

Peter Rose Pulham and Ubac Exhibition: at Hanover Gallery, 32A, St. George Street, W.1. Jan. 17.

Sculpture by Benno Elkan, including a portrait of Mr. Winston Churchill: at Wildenstein Gallery, New Bond Street. Jan. 18.

OPERA

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: a new production by Robert Helpmann of "Madame Butterfly," on Jan. 17, with Elizabeth Schwarzkopf in the title-rôle; Karl Rankl conducts.

At Sadler's Wells: the opera continues.

BALLET

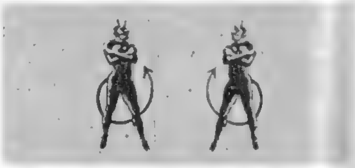
At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: Sadler's Wells Ballet continue with "Cinderella" at all ballet performances until Jan. 16. On Jan. 20 "The Sleeping Beauty" returns to the repertoire for 2-3 weeks.

At Sadler's Wells: ballet performances are given at every Saturday matinée.

OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS

Empire Theatre, Leicester Square: an entirely new screen-plus-stage programme, consisting of the Royal Command film "The Forsyte Saga," and a stage show "Yesteryear," a musical extravaganza featuring the Empire Ballet, the Empire Girls and the Empire Orchestra, directed by George Melachrino. Four complete programmes daily of nearly three hours each.

AND THEN WHAT?



Good Entertainments for Good Causes

Dinner and Ball at the Dorchester, in aid of the British Schools Exploring Society, on Jan. 10. Dancing, with cabaret, until 2 a.m. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester have consented to attend.

The Pineapple Ball at the Dorchester, in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys, on Jan. 11. Tommy Kinsman's band. Tombola.

A Children's Fancy-dress Party at the Hyde Park Hotel, in aid of the Kensington Branch of the N.S.P.C.C., on Jan. 12. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, will attend.

A Gala Performance of "Brigadoon" at His Majesty's Theatre, in aid of the Victory (Ex-Services) Club, on Jan. 17.

Actresses' Birthday Party at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Women's Adjustment Board and the Actresses' League, on Jan. 10, from 3—6. Tea, dancing and cabaret.

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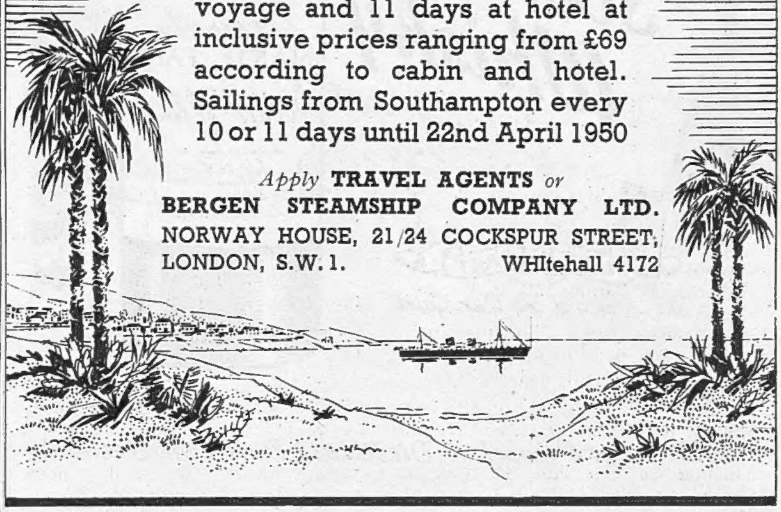

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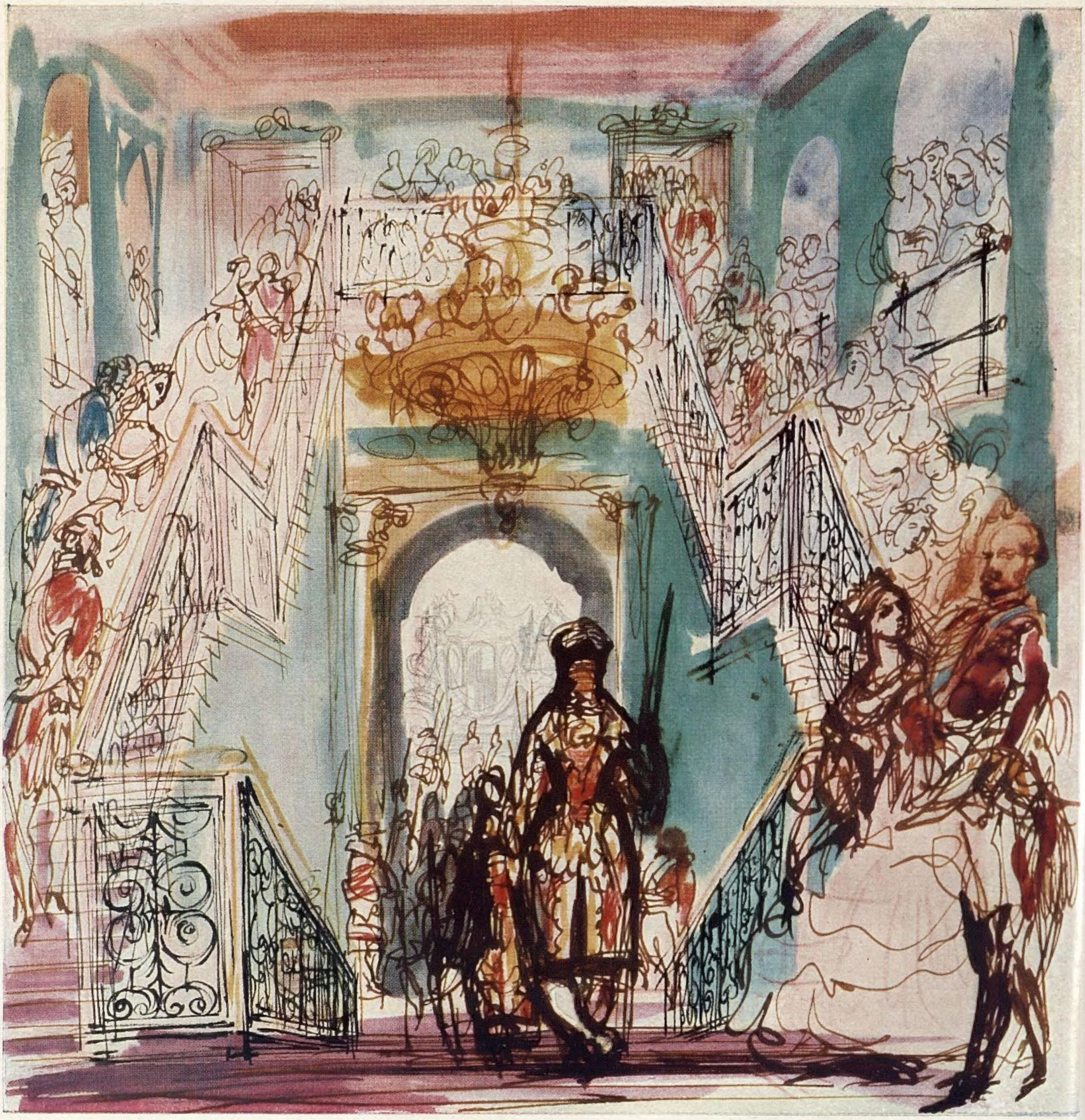

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